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MURRAY RIVER SWAGMAN

By FRANK NUNN

12 NOV 1946
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

"I'M bogged down," I say. "Can I have a tractor to haul me out?"

It is nothing to me—being bogged down with a truck. I have been that way in Greece, Libya, and New Guinea with the A.I.F. This time it is at the foot of Mount Buller in the Australian Alps and I have a load of the nicest red-gum logs you'd want to see.

I lean against the door of the office and grin at old Jim, who is the boss cocky in this neck of the woods, a sawmill and timber village owned by a company with the same name as myself. Wilson it is.

I'm not taking any special tricks because of that. I'm here to learn the game the hard way, so that one day, if I stick around long enough (which I doubt), I'll get my name painted on the door of the company's office down in Melbourne.

It's the old man's idea that it should be done this way—by painful steps and stages. I'm just Ralph Wilson, truckdriver, on the books right now.

Old Jim fusses and grunts. He doesn't bawl anybody out, so he's not pulling his punches when he sighs, "You ought to be more careful, Ralph. Look where you're goin'. Whereabouts are you stuck?"

I tell him. I'm right across the road that runs to the top of Mount Buller. There's a lot of traffic along this road since the snow started falling—cars loaded down with ski-ing gear and smart girls in pants and sweaters and caps and parkas with boys to match.

They go up there for the week-end, and, with their alpine equipment, succeed in striking an exotic note in the Australian background.

I'm not worried about a traffic block. It is midweek and only an odd car will be making the climb.

Old Jim is not worried about that, either. He grumps, "Len's got the tractor down at the log chute and it'll take some time to get him up. You'd better go back and get a track built under the wheels in readiness." He gets up and goes out for somebody to get Len.

I wander out on the verandah.

It is a beautiful morning. The saws are quiet and I can hear the river rushing in the valley. It is swollen with melted snow.

I like to dream about these rivers of the Australian Alps. Most of them finish up in the noble Murray, which runs westwards for over 1000 miles and empties into the sea in South Australia.

They have a scenic ride, getting pace from the waterfalls on the mountains, strength in the level reaches lower down, width on the plains where they water cattle and sheep, dignity between the broad banks of the Murray, where the mighty red-gums raise their crowns.

Again, they have tranquillity where they irrigate the red sand of the orchards and vineyards and humility where the paddle-steamboats beat them around.

I look out over the valley to the timber-clad slopes; over the top of the sawmills and the stacks of sawn timber, and the track along which a truck is crawling, hauling logs from the chute.

The chute is a gash which runs up the mountain. It is fine to see the logs rush the chute, leap the winding track up which the cars climb to the ski runs, and crash into the valley. You would think they would splinter into matchwood, but they are too stout to split or snap.

Now I look the other way, over the camp of huts, and up to the peak of Buller. The snow line now is low and the peak is completely capped. The sky is blue above it. Lower down are heavy snow drifts through the timber.

It is very pretty, and you can get a lot of fun out of snow, but I love sun and warmth. I am perhaps lazy. Since I got out of the Army, after going into it straight from school, I no longer want to hustle.

Now all I can think about is to get a boat and drift down the Murray when all the snow has melted. I want to drift into the sun and bake on the desert, smell the perfume of the orchards and drink a little wine straight from the sunny Barossa Valley in South Australia. It is a nice dream, very satisfying.

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Murray River Swagman

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THEN I tell myself that I am a truck-driver getting toughened up, learning the game the hard way. I am a disappointment to the old man. I am sorry in a way.

I wander back to the truck thinking of the boat and of peach blossom floating on the Murray.

There is a car standing on the track, stopped by my truck. There is a girl stamping round my truck. She has a plaid shirt and a red jerkin, and I see that her ski cap matches the jerkin. The bottoms of her pants are drawn tight above her heavy boots. I see these things first, then I look at her face. She is angry.

She does not see me until I reach the truck. Then she sticks her hand on her hip and demands, "This your truck?"

I lean against the truck and feel for my tobacco. She is very nice. She has long dark hair and red lips. Her dark eyes are glaring at me, but they are lovely. She is an advertisement for winter sports in any country. I nod my head.

"It's my truck," I say. "Only the bog hole seems to be claiming her just now."

She didn't take to that bit of pleasantry. "Don't you realise," she says protestingly, "that you're stuck right across the road, and I can't get past?"

"That seems to be the position," I agree. I roll a cigarette, glancing at her in between. She is just a kid, but she has the air of somebody who is used to giving orders.

"If you get behind and push," I say, "we might get her out."

"You don't have to be insolent," she snaps, "as well as incompetent. What are you going to do about it?"

I was right. She doesn't like back-chat, and I give her more. "Wait for the snow to melt and the mud to dry," I say. I light my cigarette as if I've got all day.

She stamps her foot.

"I'm in a hurry to get up," she rages, "and you just squat across the road and think it's funny. Don't you know how to get a truck out of a bog?"

"I've had a little experience," I admit. I am amused. She is a hothead, and she's going to look silly when the tractor rumbles up.

"Tell me how you'd do it," I invite.

"I'll do more," she fumes. "I'll show you. Have you an axe?"

There is one in the truck. I get it for her. "What now?" I ask gravely.

"Give it to me," she orders.

I surrender it watchfully. I will not let this go too far. I am just having a little fun.

She marches over to a clump of saplings. They are stringy, and won't snap under the wheels. She swings the axe and she knows how. The bite is sweet and clean. Over and under the chips fly. Then the sapling crashes, and she has cut it into lengths, smart as any faller. She swings at another.

I think this has gone far enough. "All right," I say gently. "I'll do the rest."

She surrenders the axe and snaps at me, "That's all I wanted to do, shame you into action."

"I'm thoroughly ashamed," I grin and swing the axe. I have not kept my eye on the ball and I slice. The axe buries itself in the dirt near my foot. And my face is red. "Just a skid," I mumble.

"It's saplings we want," she says, "not toes."

It's saplings, and she gets them now. I go through the stand grimly. I have not shown so much action for a long time. I'm panting when I finish, just like I was when I worked fast under bombs. I return the axe to the cabin and carry on the game, though I've lost a lot of spirit.

"Well," I ask, "what next?"

She doesn't answer me. She is picking up the cut lengths. She fills her arms with double the number of pieces I feel capable of carrying. I go over to the pile and pick up twice her load. I try not to stagger.

I wish I had not been so smart. If I had told her about the tractor she might have cooled off, and we could have been spending the time much more enjoyably than this.

She is looking at the wheels. "Have you a spade?" she asks.

I carry a spade for just such an emergency as this. She gets it out of the cab and starts throwing mud behind her like a dog in a burrow. I stand as much of it as I can, then feebly say, "Okay. Give me the spade, I'll do that."

She hands it to me. She surrenders tools much too quickly. I throw mud out like an excavator and a bulldozer combined, but my heart isn't in work.

After a while she orders, "That's enough. Now we jay the wood like this, see?" She has the right idea. She likes action, this girl. It had to be her and not somebody placid I had to block. Yet I am glad in a strange sort of way that it had to be her.

She looks at me suddenly. "You're new to truck-driving, aren't you?"

"Pretty new," I say. I can't tell her about Libya and New Guinea, and there had been no trucks before that, only the old man's big limousine and Mum's English job.

"Well," she encourages, "you'll know how to get a bogged truck out next time. I come from near Mildura, and if you get in the sand there—well, look. You put something solid right under the wheels if you can, then it goes like this. See?"

"Yes," I say meekly. And I add, "I'd hate to work for you, sister." I get even more reckless. "I'd hate to work for any woman who wears pants."

"You wouldn't ever get hired," she says calmly, "now, let's do the other side."

I wish I hadn't blurted out such remarks. They don't help. I follow her round to the other side, and there is her car. It is a neat little roadster, and there are skis secured to the hood, alpenstocks and all the frills. I know the gear when I see it.

When we were in Syria I took some runs on Mount Lebanon. I found it very exciting, but now I am back in Australia I just want to sit in the sun and blink.

But I think she doesn't know everything, this girl.

"Look," I say, "you've got no tyre-chains. Above the snowline it's mushy, and there's no guard rail. The track's only the width of a car, and there are plenty of sharp, blind corners. Haven't you been on this track before?"

"Not this one," she frowns.

"Well," I try to impress her, "you'll find it pretty rugged. You'll need those chains."

She is smiling at me, a little ironically I think, but it is a lovely smile.

"You seem to know something about driving, after all," she says. "It's a pity you forgot it all just when you needed it." With that she gets busy again.

By the time we have the track laid the tractor is coming along. She listens interestedly, "That's just what we need now," she says, "a tractor."

"That's what you'll get," I say. "That's one I went after."

"Oh," she says shortly and that's all. I wait for the apology. It looks as if I'll have to dig that out, too. "What's more," I say, "the fellow who's bringing it up—Len—used to be the champion wood-chopper in this section and he's dug out more bogged trucks than you have potatoes."

"That was coming to me," she says, and I think she's coloring. "I'm sorry," she says. She looks at me steadily. "Just the same," she adds, "you weren't doing much about it."

"I would have got started," I say, "all in good time." She just shrugs.

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noises in the night

Electric light is all right but you can't take it with you into the backyard when your husband is out and you're sure you heard a suspicious noise. Now if you had a flashlight (one with good batteries that always works) you could shine it straight out of the window! Without even leaving the room you could see that it was only the Smith's

. . . old Tom at your dustbin. Then, when you're in bed at night and you hear a noise, there's no need to wake your husband and get complained at. You could send the beam

of the flashlight around the room and make sure it was only the wardrobe creaking without leaving your bed. Or if you wanted to make sure that baby

hadn't thrown off her covers you could look at her without switching on the main light. Or if you've got somebody in the house

who is always getting up in the night make sure there's a flashlight handy so the lights won't go on and wake you all up . . .

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The Gardenia Case

By MARGOT NEVILLE

SENSATION breaks in fashionable Chetwynd Court flats when the body of a murdered man clutching two gardenias is found in the seventh-floor flat occupied by FRANK and VIDA INGLEJONES.

Other seventh-floor tenants are American Army officers MAJOR EUGENE HANSEN and CAPTAIN PETER DRISCOLL; war widow NESTA COWIE; discharged serviceman JACK SISLEY, in love with Nesta; lovely, spoilt war widow CYNTHIA FRY, with her small son MILES and his Chinese nurse; Dutch refugee WILLI VAN ANDERS.

DETECTIVE - INSPECTOR GROGAN is in charge of the case, assisted by DETECTIVE - SERGEANT MANNING. Checking the movements of the tenants and of TRENERRY, the caretaker, at the time of the murder, they find that most of the alibis given are unsatisfactory, while Vida gives two different accounts of her movements, the second of which, given privately to Grogan, is incriminating to Major Hansen.

Now read on:

She slipped furtively from the house, the suitcase clutched in her hand.

NESTA was in her bedroom changing to go out. She ripped off her blouse and skirt and threw them over a chair, changed into a frock, then sat down at her mirror and hastily combed her hair into place.

Dark gold hair, slender brown arms, and long brown legs—she made a fine pin-up picture with no one to see, and at the moment she herself just couldn't have been less interested.

She threw down the comb and picked up a lipstick, the first that came to hand, painted her lips automatically, and thrust her brown arched feet into high-heeled white sandals. She moved with fluttery, jerking movements, like a marionette in a cardboard world.

Taking up a white bag, she opened the purse. There was only some silver in it, but in the drawer of her dressing-table were some notes—she'd cashed a cheque yesterday—and she took out the notecase and counted them. Eleven—no, twelve one-pound notes.

With her chequebook in her hand, she hesitated for a moment, then threw the book back in the drawer, and thrust the notes into her bag. She took up a wide hat, jammed it carelessly on to her head, and turned to go.

From the bedroom door she looked back once at the cool modern furnishings and her small personal belongings, so innocent and yet so secretively personal . . . toilet things and clothes and books. Would it all be the same when she came back?

She hurried into the sitting-room. Half way across it, she heard a door open somewhere, the door of Jack's flat. Often enough during the last few weeks she had heard the click of that latch and then his tap on her own door.

But he didn't come towards it now, and she waited, frozen into stillness, until he had crossed the landing, brought up the lift, and gone down.

Before she moved she gave him several minutes, plenty of time to get out of the building . . .

When she opened her front door Willi Van Anders was outside, just about to knock.

He said: "Ah, I catch you. Good. May I speak to you one moment?"

For answer Nesta stepped outside and pulled the door sharply shut behind her. She glanced up at him, and then quickly away again. His face had lost nothing of its rich geniality, the red, full lips still looked to be enjoying something.

She said stiffly: "I'm sorry, Mr. Van Anders, I can't stop and talk now. I—and anyhow—"

"Mr. Van Anders?" he repeated softly. "Not Willi any more?"

"No," she said. "No."

He looked at her inquiringly, blandly. Then, with the art of a clown, he proceeded to register swooning admiration: "Ah, you look charming! Wonderfully charming, wonderfully smart! You are in a hurry? Never mind, what I have to say will keep till you come back."

She smiled uneasily, walking toward the lift.

He hurried ahead of her and pressed the button. "Have a good time. Enjoy yourself. Be happy. It is nice out. People are walking about enjoying themselves. All sorts of people much more guilty than we are."

She said dryly: "Maybe, but they're not living like specimens under a microscope."

He laughed. "Me? I do not fear any inspection. I have no more to conceal than a little bird flying in the blue sky." His arms flapped lazily in peaceful flight. He slid the lift gates shut on her, and she sank out of sight.

But Jack was still below when she got down. She hurried across the lobby, through the glass doors and out on to the steps, and there he was, a taxi stopping beside him.

A little further along a police car was drawn up to the kerb with two big men in the front seat. The blackness, the solidity, the long power of it, made the street and the white houses, the striped awnings and flowering trees, look, flimsy.

As Jack was about to step into the taxi he glanced over his shoulder and saw Nesta.

"Do you want a car?" he asked. "Take this one. There'll be another along soon."

"Thanks," she said. She didn't say, let's share it, but ran down the steps and got in, passing him without a glance.

He asked: "Where shall I tell him to go?"

Her eyes flickered as she gave him the address of her dentist in Macquarie Street.

A double thought came promptly to him that she was as lovely as a water-lily and that she was lying to him. He wished he could let it ride, but he leant on the door and said: "Tooth trouble?"

She stared: "I beg your pardon?"

"Have it out," he said savagely. "Take my advice and root out anything that's going to cause you any pain."

"Thank you, I mean to."

"Fine! So do I!" He slammed the taxi door and the car moved off.

Jack had been right in thinking that Nesta was lying, in knowing that the sudden change in her manner to him was somehow linked up with a secret errand.

When the taxi got to King's Cross she stopped it and paid it off. The air of the Cross was lazy this morning and heavy with the scent of fruit and flowers and coffee, but Nesta hurried through it—the only one who seemed to be in a hurry—and went towards one of the streets that led away from the gay and rackety towards the poor and sinister. The docks were down here, further on, and though she had never been here before she knew more or less where the street was that she was looking for.

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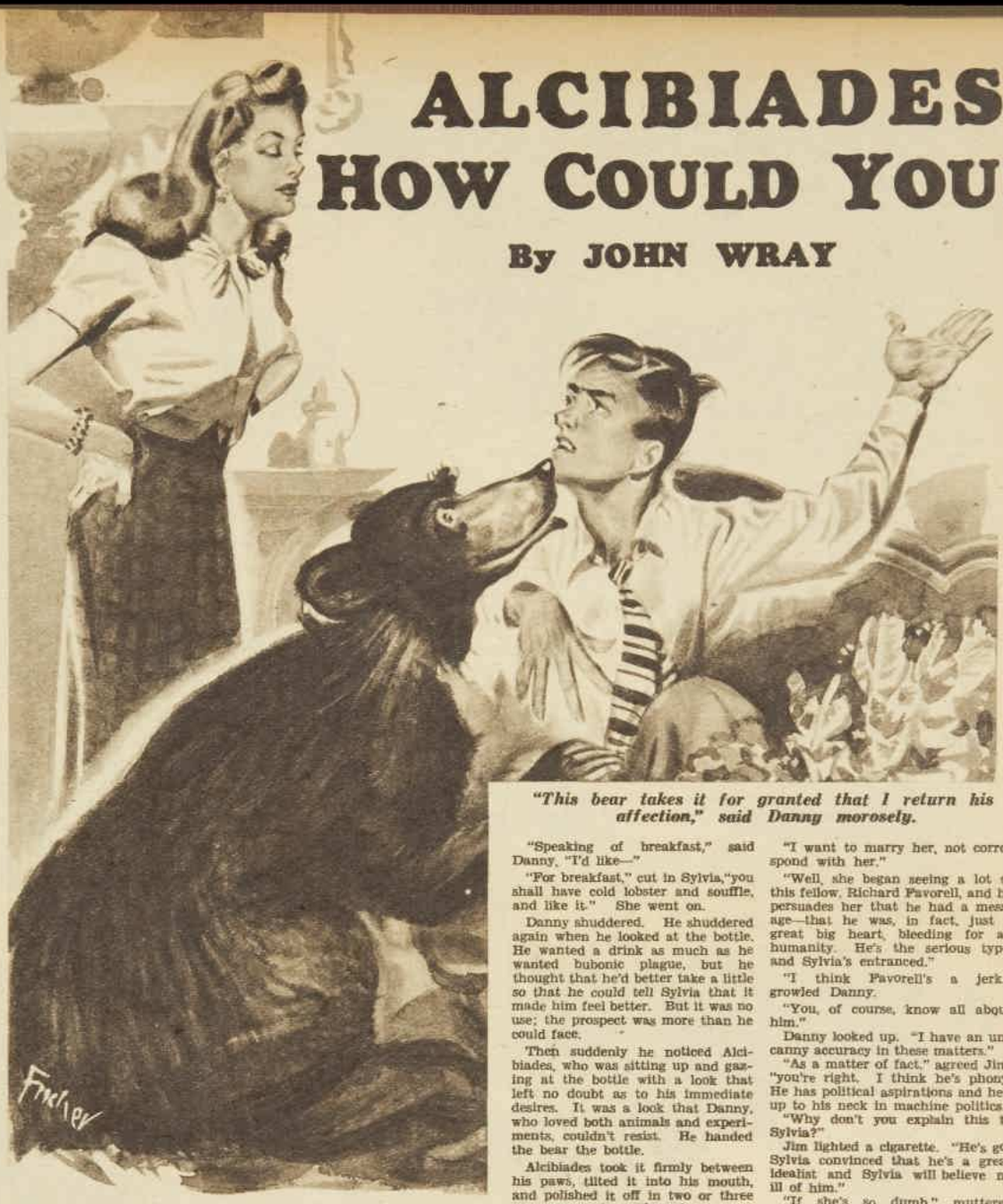
ALCIBIADES, HOW COULD YOU?

By JOHN WRAY



"This bear takes it for granted that I return his affection," said Danny morosely.

DANNY felt vaguely as if he'd just been run over by a train . . . He didn't open his eyes because he didn't feel that there was any future in it. And, anyway, there wasn't anything he wanted to see.

He felt around cautiously. Evidently he was lying on a couch. He explored further. His hand came in contact with something warm and furry. He wondered what it was. It was too high off the floor to be a rug, so it must be a table. That was it—a fur coffee-table.

He sighed. Something started to lick his face. Danny opened his eyes. It was the first time he'd ever been licked by a coffee-table, and he felt he'd better see it.

It wasn't a coffee-table. It was a bear. Danny shut his eyes again. After all, there was nothing unusual about being licked by a bear . . . or was there? He sat up.

"What shall I do with the baked Alaska?" said a lovely feminine voice.

Danny looked up to see Sylvia Larchford regarding him with considerable disfavor. He suddenly remembered that Sylvia had prepared a special dinner of souffle and baked Alaska, his favorites. He also remembered that that must have been last night, and that he hadn't been there.

That was no way to treat the girl you wanted to marry, even if she was engaged to some other jerk.

He felt a warm lick on his neck.

"You have the most affectionate coffee-table!"

"It's not a coffee-table. . . . It's a bear."

"So it is," murmured Danny, carefully inspecting the creature. "It's just that he looks so much like your father that I was momentarily confused."

"Don't be rude."

"I'm not being rude," said Danny. "I'm just a realist. This is not an age of senseless equivocation. Let it be said of me that I lead the fight for truth." Danny had a vague hope that if he could sufficiently launch on another subject, Sylvia might forget that he hadn't turned up for dinner. But it was an idle dream.

"Where were you for dinner?"

"I thought you might ask that," said Danny, "and I can't help but feel that when you know the truth about it all you will not only forgive me, but be proud of me. And, anyway, I did come for dinner; I was just a little late."

"How did you get in?"

"I may be a little hazy on some of the details, but I do recall that after much pounding on the door your father let me in and persuaded me to lie down on the couch. He also said that it would be just as well if I didn't try to see you."

"He was right."

"Sylvia, you must have faith in me—the faith that surpasseth understanding." Danny felt rather pleased with that one.

"I'll bet you couldn't have said 'surpasseth understanding' at ten o'clock last night."

"Listen, Sylvia," shouted Danny. "Let's stop this sordid bickering. I love you, and I'm going to marry you a little later to-day, just as soon as my head stops aching."

This outburst did him a lot more good with the bear—who gave him a big kiss—than it did with Sylvia, who continued to regard him stonily. Danny wiped the kiss off and looked morosely at the bear.

"You know, Sylvia, far be it from me to criticise your friends, but this bear takes it for granted that I return his affection."

"Alcibiades," said Sylvia, "has a heart of gold."

"Is that really his name?" murmured Danny.

"Certainly it's his name. Socrates was his friend."

"He doesn't show his age at all," said Danny, inspecting Alcibiades critically.

"Socrates was a donkey," replied Sylvia loftily.

Danny looked shocked. "That's nothing but prejudice. And I also disapprove of the modern habit of maligning great figures of the past."

Sylvia ignored this and went on. "Socrates had four legs and a tail, and he died a short while ago from eating improperly cured hay."

"Just for your information Sylvia, Socrates had the usual complement of arms and legs, and he died from drinking hemlock, an ugly preparation that was probably very similar to some Martinis I had last evening at a celebration in my honor that I simply had to attend."

"That," said Sylvia, "is very funny!"

Danny winced. "I seem to detect a slight touch of sarcasm in your tone, but I'm big enough not to feel offended. And, anyway, my feeble phrases serve merely to cover an aching head."

"Well, if you hadn't been such an idiot last night and had stayed away from that celebration—even if it was for you—you wouldn't feel the way you do now."

"As a matter of fact, it has already occurred to me that I wasn't acting with my best interests at heart last evening."

Sylvia laughed. She'd been hurt when he hadn't turned up for her carefully prepared dinner, but she was sorry now that he didn't feel well. After all there'd been a time when she was terribly in love with him, but that had been before he'd gone to North Africa as a foreign correspondent. Danny was gay and adventurous, but he was too irresponsible. And, anyway, she was engaged to Richard Favorell, who was steady and serious.

She tried to think of something that would make Danny feel better.

"I'll get you something to pick you up a bit. I understand that's the best thing for anyone in your delicate condition."

"Before you go," called Danny, going to a table where he'd spotted some cigarettes, "and abandon me to the wiles of this lovesick quadruped, would you mind telling me something about his background?"

"Well," said Sylvia, "Alcibiades was the soda-and-beer-drinking champion of all the filling stations in the district, but with the gasoline shortage he was out of a job. The owner, a friend of Dad's, felt that Alcibiades was too sensitive to go to a zoo, and Dad said he'd keep him until he got a permanent home."

"A tale that wrings the heart," observed Danny.

"He also," said Sylvia, "can roller-skate, ride a bicycle, and scratch the back of his head with his right hind foot."

"Your Dad?" murmured Danny in awestruck tones.

"No—Alcibiades," stated Sylvia, and left the room.

Danny gazed at the bear, amazed that anyone could have so much talent. In a moment, Sylvia returned with a bottle one-third full, ice, soda water, and a glass.

"Fix your own," she said. "I'm going upstairs to see what Dad wants for breakfast."

"Speaking of breakfast," said Danny, "I'd like—"

"For breakfast," cut in Sylvia, "you shall have cold lobster and souffle, and like it." She went on.

Danny shuddered. He shuddered again when he looked at the bottle. He wanted a drink as much as he wanted bubonic plague, but he thought that he'd better take a little so that he could tell Sylvia that it made him feel better. But it was no use; the prospect was more than he could face.

Then suddenly he noticed Alcibiades, who was sitting up and gazing at the bottle with a look that left no doubt as to his immediate desires. It was a look that Danny, who loved both animals and experiments, couldn't resist. He handed the bear the bottle.

Alcibiades took it firmly between his paws, tilted it into his mouth, and polished it off in two or three enormous gulps. Then he started to rub his throat.

"I know," observed Danny sympathetically, "it burns a little, but then some say it's part of its charm." He handed the bear the soda bottle. Alcibiades drank about half of that and looked grateful, but surprised.

"Anyone with a capacity like yours," said Danny, "should make medical history." Alcibiades tried to give Danny another kiss.

Danny got out of the way. Alcibiades looked hurt and started majestically for the door. It was a good exit, except that he tripped over the threshold and cracked his nose. Danny watched, fascinated. There was little doubt that Alcibiades was prettily intoxicated.

In a few moments Jim Larchford, Sylvia's father, came downstairs. Jim liked Danny a lot.

"Listen, my moronic friend," said Jim. "While you've been away, I've been selling Sylvia a bill of goods about what a great fellow you are, and you ruin all my work by getting in no-good condition and standing her up for dinner."

"You're a great salesman," put in Danny. "One word from you and she gets engaged to someone else."

"I'm sorry about that," replied Jim. "It happened while I was away. Sylvia hadn't heard from you for over a year, and she imagined that you settled down in Tunisia with a small harem."

"I want to marry her, not correspond with her."

"Well, she began seeing a lot of this fellow, Richard Favorell, and he persuades her that he had a message—that he was, in fact, just a great big heart, bleeding for all humanity. He's the serious type, and Sylvia's entranced."

"I think Favorell's a jerk," growled Danny.

"You, of course, know all about him."

Danny looked up. "I have an uncanny accuracy in these matters."

"As a matter of fact," agreed Jim, "you're right. I think he's phony. He has political aspirations and he's up to his neck in machine politics."

"Why don't you explain this to Sylvia?"

Jim lighted a cigarette. "He's got Sylvia convinced that he's a great idealist and Sylvia will believe no ill of him."

"If she's so dumb," muttered Danny with determination, "I'm finished with her."

"An admirable decision."

"And one," Danny told him, "that will last up until the next time I lay eyes on that luscious daughter of yours, at which moment my strongest resolutions will promptly turn to a jelly."

He studied the bottle morosely, and for a moment wished he hadn't let Alcibiades have it all. He walked across the room. "When is she going to see this paragon again?"

"To-night. He's putting up for some sort of an office pretty soon and he and the boss he works for are throwing a big civic meeting. Sylvia's to be one of the hostesses. Even the bear's going to drink beer in a booth as one of the attractions."

"That will be a labor of love," stated Danny.

"Why?" asked Jim. "Have you seen Alcibiades drink beer?"

Danny pointed to the empty bottle. "Do you see that whisky bottle?"

"I saw it," replied Jim, "and I was on the point of remarking that even if you are trying to marry into the family drinking a half-bottle of whisky before breakfast is taking things a little too much for granted."

"I didn't drink your whisky," protested Danny. "It was that bear."

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VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY

By LYN ARNOLD

YES, Eleanor decided, she looked glamorous, and sophisticated. The cart-wheel hat; the elbow-length gloves, negligently wrinkled wristwards; the old-bronze clip in the shape of a crazy, prancing horse.

Her suit itself, four years old and beautifully cut, was in fact just a suit. But to Eleanor any suit worn glamorously had glamor.

It was the way you held yourself, the way you walked, the way you breathed, thought, felt, that counted. After all, it was her profession. As an actress she could be old or young, rich or poor, dowdy or glamorous, just as she chose.

To-day she chose glamor.

She checked methodically through her handbag—powder, lipstick, cigarettes, cash; and the address-book. Not that she needed the little, red morocco-bound book any longer, since she'd come to the last name and knew it, and the address, by heart.

Yet——

The telephone rang. It had, more or less, never stopped ringing since she'd got back.

"Hullo!" Eleanor said.

A high-pitched, feminine voice: "Darling Eleanor. It really is you, isn't it? You're really back. After all these years."

The questions and the answers had, this last week, became more or less routine. "Yes, it's really me. I'm really back. . . ."

"Darling, how I envy you. You've had a simply lovely war. Three years in the Middle East. Did absolutely everyone fall in love with you?"

"Well—not absolutely everyone," Eleanor said.

"I don't believe it. I know all about moonlight on the Sphinx or wherever it is. You've got to tell me everything, absolutely everything, darling. How about to-day? I'm free all day."

"Not to-day, I'm afraid——" Eleanor started.

"Oh, well then—to-morrow. I'm dying to hear all about it."

"I'll ring you," Eleanor temporised. "May I? By to-morrow—by then, I'll know more or less how things stand."

Yes, by to-morrow, she added to herself, everything will be settled, one way or another.

She was by the mirror now, giving herself a last glance-over—as clear-headedly as if the call-boy had just shouted, "Miss Farrell. Five minutes, please."

Then she put the little red book into her bag with trembling fingers. She was ready. Her mind was made up. Miss Valerie French, 3 Kingslake Studios.

Tom's girl . . .

The train gathered speed. Eleanor looked down at her gloved hands. A very nice pair of gloves. She had bought them her last day in Cairo. Had she known what she wanted them for? Perhaps. Perhaps not. Perhaps already, deep down in her mind, she had known what she had never until last night admitted to herself: What she planned to do to-day.

She stared ahead, seeing nothing.

"Tom's girl. Tom's girl. Tom's girl," said the train-wheels, endlessly.

"Did absolutely everyone fall in love with you?" she heard the shrill telephone voice again.

And it was as if the train-wheels answered: "Not Tom. Not Tom. Not Tom."

They'd hardly spoken two words, the first time they met, she and Tom. It was after a show, given up near the front line, to a handful of men on a petrol dump. They had exchanged just a few words—that was all.

But somehow, all the way home in the rattling Jeep, down beneath the cold of the desert night, she was warm with a most absurd happiness.

Well, of course, she would never see him again. He was just a man she had met by chance. There was no earthly reason to remember him, or to think of him ever again. But she remembered him.

She thought of him so continually and with such sharp memory that it did not seem to her strange that, nearly two years later, some time after the war had ended, they should meet face to face on the steps outside Shepheard's Hotel.

They stood for what seemed a long time without speaking.

"Well!" said Tom at last. "Everyone tells you that you meet practically everyone you've ever known here, at Shepheard's, sooner or later. You've been here, all this time?"

"Not exactly," said Eleanor. "I'm due for home to-morrow. What about you?"

"Due to go home any day. I was having a day off. I wonder——"

"You wonder what?"

"Well, of course, you're bound to be busy. But I thought . . . it just occurred to me that if it did happen you weren't too busy . . . that perhaps we could spend to-day together. I thought——"

"I don't happen to be too busy," Eleanor said. "What did you plan to do?"

"Well, I thought we could swim a bit while it's hot. And then we could sit a bit, while it gets cooler. And then I thought . . . I've never seen the Sphinx by moonlight. It's the kind of thing that one ought to do."

They swam in a pool the color of sapphires. They dried on a stone terrace. They talked very little. There was so much to say, and the feeling—the sweet and silly feeling—that after all there was no need to say it.

"It's three o'clock," Tom said suddenly.

"Well, why worry?"

"You must be simply famished. I ought to have thought . . . The decent food will all have gone."

"You don't look a bit like an actress," Valerie said curiously.

They went back to Shepheard's. On the broad verandah, under the palm trees, looking out over one of the most wonderful city-views of the world, they sat talking of home. Of the towns she had known and the parts she had played, from Little Willie in "East Lynne"—"All the best people play that at least once in their lives," Eleanor told him—to Queen Victoria. Of his flat, and his dog, and his job, which was plastics; of his local; of "the boys."

"It's tea-time," Tom said presently.

"Well, let's stay here and have it."

They sat a long time over tea; and presently they danced.

"I'm afraid I'm not frightfully good," Tom said quickly, as he put his arm round her.

"I think you are," Eleanor said after a long silence.

"Well, maybe I am with you. But——"

He broke off. She did not press it. Why worry? What did it matter? They were together.

"Shall we see about bikes? If you're sure you'd like to."

She laughed. "I'm sure that I'd love to."

She didn't make it sound true; only a commonplace, friendly politeness.

And it was *funny*—what should have been romantic—what should have been the most romantic expedition in the world—a journey to the Sphinx—became ordinary, and nice, and jolly.

"You know, it's funny," Tom said.

"What is?"

"I suppose I ought to feel—sort of spellbound. Yet I don't. I wonder why?"

"I wonder!" For herself she knew the answer. Nothing made you so impervious to spells as being spell-bound inside yourself.

She could have made it into a love scene. But she didn't want to. Not yet. Perhaps this was so good that she didn't want more than this moment.

"We'll have to go back," she said slowly.

It was cold now; the minutes seemed to flash by in the dark.

"It's been a good day," Tom said.

"It's been a lovely day."

"Leave your bike, and I'll pedal it back for you."

They walked side by side up the stairs of the hotel. Then Tom said, "There's something I want to ask you. I'm afraid it'll sound awful cheek. I want to ask you a favor. But if it's an awful bother for you—do promise me—do say no."

"I promise," said Eleanor, smiling.

"Well, it's this. I'm due for leave. I may be home almost as soon as you are—possibly sooner."

At first she couldn't believe it. It wasn't true. It wasn't happening. But it was. His hand went to his breast-pocket. The wallet. The snaps.

Please turn to page 35

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In only 10 days LIFE BECAME WORTH WHILE!

You can do what this girl did with today's Erasmic Creams

Like a dream come true! In only 10 days skin becomes softer, smoother, lovelier—without expensive beauty facials! Now, instead of being lost in the crowd, you'll stand out. Thousands of women are bringing new glamour and interest into their lives with this simple 10-day beauty care. Here's all you do:

1. Each morning (and whenever you make-up) put your powder over a glamourising foundation of ERASMIC VANISHING CREAM. Then you'll radiate loveliness for hours. A precious ingredient has now been added to make Erasmic Vanishing Cream softer, lighter and spread amazingly fast.

2. Each night, smooth luscious ERASMIC COLD CREAM into your skin. It's now a specially **deep** cleansing cream—it clears your skin of all clogging secretions . . . softens any little lines.

3. Remove cream-softened dirt and old make-up with a soft cloth, always wiping upwards. Wash with warm water and soap. Pat the skin dry.

4. Into your now immaculate skin, massage a little more Erasmic Cold Cream and leave on all night. It will give your skin a flower-fresh look and a satiny feel.

Both creams are sold in handy tubes and jars—price, 1/2 each—get yours to-day and see the difference in your skin in only 10 days!

E.48.24

The Doctor Answers

Patient: "But why should I have Rheumatism, Doctor?"

Doctor: "Well, Rheumatism can be caused by two things: an injury to a joint or muscle or by an accumulation of poisons in the blood stream which is a condition we call toxæmia. Thousands of people like yourself, in the last few years, have overworked and neglected their health, letting poisons collect in the blood stream so that the ranks of sufferers from Rheumatism have increased enormously."

Patient: "But, Doctor, how **do** these poisons accumulate?"

Doctor: "Your blood is constantly flowing through your kidneys to be purified from uric acid and other poisons. If your kidneys fail to do this, these poisons circulate back through your body and collect in the muscles and joints, causing the aches and pains that most people call Rheumatism."

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids help drive out the crippling poisons from your blood stream that are the cause of Rheumatic aches and pains; your kidneys are cleansed and strengthened and you get a new feeling of good health and energy.

If you suffer from Rheumatic pains, backache, sciatica, lumbago, kidney and bladder weaknesses, neuritis, gout, etc., start a course of Menthoids right away.

Get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6 with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6, from your nearest chemist or store, or a postal note to British Medical Laboratories, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney, will bring you Menthoids by return mail.

MENTHOIDS for Rheumatism

M42

Murray River Swagman

Continued from page 4

LEN comes up and backs into position. When he is ready I get into the cab. We root and squelch out of the bog. I signal Len to stop. I intend to go back to the girl and thank her seriously and talk some more about the tyre-chains. I have a set I'm going to offer her as a loan. But before I can get out the car whizzes past.

"Okay," I think, "okay. You'll be sorry you haven't got chains."

I have dumped my load and I'm running through the mill when Jim comes out of his office and signals. There is a car just pulling out, going down. I stop and Jim shambles over.

"Listen, Ralph, you're wanted up the track," he says. "There's a car gone off the road; it's caught in some bushes and nobody's hurt. A girl sent a message down by that party in the car. She's all right, but she wants the truck-driver she helped get out of a bog to take the tractor up and haul her car back on the road. That was you, Ralph, wasn't it, she helped?"

I nod quickly. "Sure she's all right?"

"Well, that party left her standing by. They wouldn't've left her if she was hurt, would they?" Jim is very patient.

I am climbing out of the truck. "Where's the tractor?" I ask. Len has left her parked outside the garage. I hurry up and I know Jim is staring after me.

I get the chains out of my car and loop them on the tractor. I also get a strong towing-chain and drape it over the bonnet. I am in such a rush to get away I have forgotten all the work it will mean hauling the roadster back on the road. I remember in time. I stop outside the office and shout, "Hi, Jim, I want some help. Can I take Larry up with me?"

Jim bawls back wearily, "Okay, okay."

I pick up Larry and we go bowling up the track.

We reach the snowline and cross over a small bridge, and the water which is tumbling down a rock gorge splashes us with spray. It goes tumbling down the mountain, down where the tops of the giant gums look like the pile of a green carpet.

She is standing in the snow, waiting patiently. The roadster is resting on its side against some thick bushes on the slope. Just ahead is one of those blind turns I had warned her about. I get a squirmy feeling when I look down at the roadster. If it had missed the bushes it would have gone on rolling.

I stop the tractor and go over to her. She smiles at me defiantly. "You were right," she says. "I sent for you specially so you could say 'I told you so.' And laugh."

"I can't see anything to laugh at," I tell her soberly. "Are you hurt?"

"Not a scratch," she says. She is shaken though. She's putting on a bold front.

"We'll soon get her up for you," I tell her.

"Thank you," she says. "I'm beginning to have a lot of confidence in your mates."

I let that pass and tell her about the tyre-chains I have brought.

"That's very sweet of you," she says, and she's really pleased.

"On your way back through the mill," I tell her casually, "just ask for me, will you? I'd like to take delivery of the chains myself. Ralph Wilson's the name."

"Mr. Wilson," she smiles, "I'll certainly hand them to nobody else but you. In case I miss you my name is June Overton and I live at Mildura. If after a reasonable time you don't get your chains back just send round a policeman."

"Okay," I say. "Or perhaps I'll call myself."

"Well, it's a long way to go to pick up tyre-chains," she says. "But you might find the trip interesting. Down there we have some Murray River swagmen who don't like work either."

I grin. I know about the swagmen and their pram boats, too. They're like any other swaggies, only they drift along in boats. I ask her, "Is that how long you're staying up in the snow—a reasonable time?"

"A week," she says. "I'm joining a party up there."

The roadster is back on the track, its windscreen smashed, but that is all. She waits until Larry puts on the chains and then tries the clutch and gears. Everything is all right.

"Thanks a lot," she says, her smile flashing. "Nice work, Mr. Wilson."

I watch the car until it turns the corner.

The mail is in when we get back to the mill. There is a worried letter from the old man. Mum is sick and she is wanting me. I throw things into the car and I'm moving now. Nobody grins at me over my unusual bustling. Mum has been good to them all and they love her almost as much as I do.

There is a note from June when I return after Mum takes a turn for the good. "Sorry I missed you, but thanks again. I have left the chains with the foreman. I had a lovely time in the snow. You should try ski-ing some time when you feel you can make the effort. It's great."

She has a bold, firm handwriting and I grin at the crack.

Now I think more and more of the trip down the Murray, but builders are screaming for timber to fix the housing shortage and I stay on the truck.

It is not easy to stay on the truck, for almond blossom is floating down the Murray just as I yearn to do. Pink petals first from the almond trees, and then the apricot blossom follows. Next there will be peach blossom. I am torn between desire and something that must be a conscience. I am surprised that I listen to it.

But this much I do. I buy a boat and camping gear, and even fishing gear, although I doubt whether I will exert myself trying to catch a cod.

I store all this stuff at Albury, on the Murray, but I'm still at the mill when the mantle of snow dissolves on the peak of Buller.

I think of June as much as I think of the cruise. They become merged as one objective. When eventually I take out my car and head for Albury I think I am as much crazy as lazy. For I am going down the river to Mildura. I don't plan to drift any further. I want to see June.

The river is low. There are snags and sandbars to watch out for with the outboard. The outboard is a last-minute purchase. The first day it is phutting all the time, and I am steering as if I'm rushing to a fire. It is very silly.

I make my camp in a forest of red gums overnight. I am up early, and have cooked breakfast before I realise I meant to sleep in and roll out at noon. I am not drifting and lazing as I intended, and I correct that. I will not strike camp until midday.

I just drift with the oars the rest of the day. I pass beautiful rows of leafy vines, with dusky purple grapes, and trees that are burdened with golden fruit. The fruit looks like colored baubles on a Christmas tree. The sky is blue, and the sun is warm.

On the third day I am beginning to look like an old Murray swaggie drifting in a pram boat.

Heavy rain falls during the night. It washes me out of the tent and swamps the boat. It is not so good. I have not shaved for three days, and I have a beard, and now I want to shave I can't light a fire. Then I slip in the mud and roll. I am reminded of the mud and the endless rain of New Guinea.

I am a sight, and my boat is almost as disreputable in appearance. Its paint has been scraped and scratched by snags and the roots of river gums.

Please turn to page 23

Breathless Charm

Your skin . . . hair . . . clothes may all reflect your care, but unless your breath also is above reproach your charm is spoilt. Don't gamble, make sure that your breath is pure and fragrant by gargling with Listerine Antiseptic night and morning and before meeting others. Listerine makes your breath sweet and KEEPS it sweet.

LISTERINE

the Safe Antiseptic

Three Sizes: 1/6, 3/-, 5/9

—and for brighter teeth

LISTERINE Tooth Paste

If your blonde hair is going dull and mousy try Stablond shampoo. You will make this amazing discovery . . . **that only Stablond can bring back that glorious golden sparkle** to darkened **blonde hair.** Stablond prevents natural blonde hair from darkening and keeps it bright and shining **always.** For Stablond **is made specially for blondes.**

STA-BLOND THE BLONDES OWN SHAMPOO

Give Your Beauty A Chance

If you're unhappy about your figure, your face, your personality — take heart because you can change all this NOW! Susanne has opened her Model School where hidden loveliness is discovered and developed. Simple lessons on FIGURE CONTROL, MAKE UP, CLOTHES, STYLING, DEPORTMENT and POISE add thrill and give you a new interest in life. Susanne's Success Instructions are exciting. And the cost? Why, it's no more than the cost of a new dinner gown.

Call—or write (Susanne has initiated a wonderfully complete and easy-to-follow Home Success Course which you can do at home in your spare time) and let her tell how you too can become the lovely person you were intended to be. Send 4½d stamps for free booklet and full information.

Susanne

SCHOOL FOR MODELS

Suite 1, Dymock's Building, 424 George St., Sydney, N.S.W. Tel. M.3896.

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PLAIDS *for* PLAYCLOTHES

● Plaids are the rage in America for sports clothes. The gayer and more startling the colors, the better for shirts, slacks, clam-diggers, or skirts. Wear them with plain accessories.

● Plaid beach shirt to wear over shorts or slacks. Cut loose and cool with low square neck, cap sleeves and slit sides. Can be worn straight and boxy or tied round the waistline.

● Slacks of hectic red and purple plaid woollen made with the new narrow legs and high built-up waistline. Wear them with suntops or tailored shirts in plain flat colors.

● Half-way between shorts and slacks are clam-diggers (left centre) in bright yellow and black plaid—the legs narrow, the waist nipped. And just to be different, for bareness wear a tailored strapless black linen bra with large flat bow.

● A plaid rayon beach skirt in new purples and greens, with very deep box pleats all the way round for fullness; to wear over shorts or swimsuit with a matching bare bra suntop.

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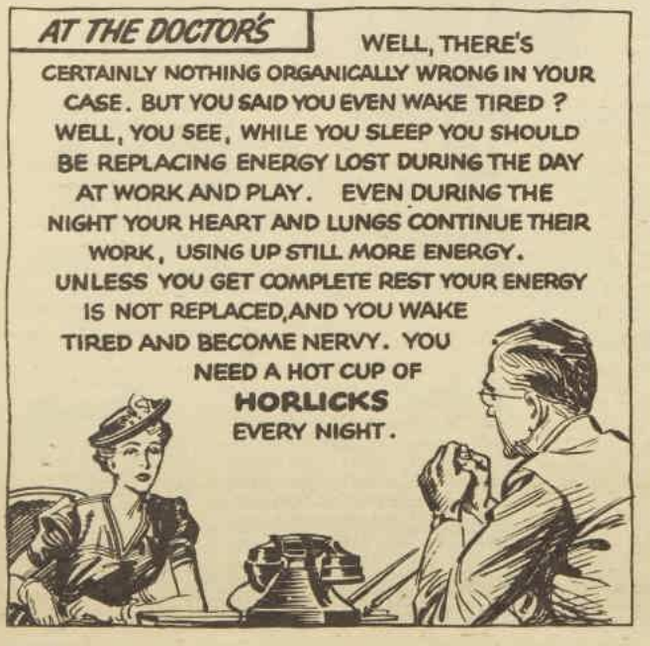
How to LOSE A HUSBAND



Tired and Nervy?

If you wake tired and become more tired as the day drags on. If you find it hard to concentrate . . . get irritable and lose your temper over trivial things . . . then remember those symptoms can very often be traced back to the fact that you are not replacing the energy you use up. Try a cup of hot Horlicks just before bed. After Horlicks you wake full of life, and clear-eyed. "Nerves" become a thing of the past. Get some Horlicks from your grocer or chemist to-day.

HORLICKS

Contains all essential food elements in their natural form

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So appealing . . .

● Black crepe afternoon dress, the pink satin bow edged with embroidery of black sequins.

● Horse-and-carriage motif appears on white crepe. Flowers are tucked into the black ribbon sash.

● Jet sequin trim on a sleek black crepe, smart for dinner or cocktails.

● Fine black lace insets are effectively backed by pink in a cocktail frock. (Left.)

● Persian print in pink, black, green; with black taffeta ribbon bow trim.

Miss Doreen Drexel

A dramatic brunette beauty with an enchantingly creamy-smooth complexion, Miss Doreen Drexel is a youthful member of an outstanding American family—and an enthusiastic user of Pond's Two Creams. She says: "Pond's Cold Cream is my favourite cream for cleansing and softening my skin." About Pond's Vanishing Cream, she says: "It helps my skin have that beautifully-groomed, smooth look."

Here's how to make Pond's Two Creams your regular complexion care

The Pond's beauty method is such a simple, effective way to keep your complexion at its loveliest. Every night and morning, and whenever you want to freshen your make-up during the day, smooth on luscious Pond's Cold Cream and pat it briskly all over your face and throat to soften and release dust and make-up. Leave it on a few minutes, then wipe it off and discover how gloriously soft, radiantly clean your skin is.

The starting point of a smart make-up . . . smooth on a gossamer film of fluffy, fragrant Pond's Vanishing Cream. Skin softener and powder base, it keeps your make-up fresh for hours.

★

Pond's Cold Cream for thorough skin cleansing. Pond's Vanishing Cream, powder base and skin softener, at all chemists, chain and departmental stores in attractive jars for your dressing table and convenient handbag-size tubes.

THE NAME TO REMEMBER

For any season, any reason, give

COLLONA EAU DE COLOGNE
Superior quality — in a class by itself.

COLLONA LAVENDER
The full bouquet of Choice Blossoms. A favourite with everyone.

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Very refreshing on a hot, tiring day. Relieves the most distressing headache. Favoured in every sick room.

TOUJOURS PERFUME
The latest French-style creation! Alluringly sensational. Packed in special boxes.

Collona

CHEMISTS AND STORES EVERYWHERE

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Stop thinking about Shrinking

STOP THINKING ABOUT SHRINKING when Potter's "anti-shrink" Rayons are on the line. No matter how often you tub them, they cannot shrink. The lovely colours are fadeless and the material cannot stretch. That's a guarantee. Not as plentiful yet as we'd like, but limited stocks are available both by-the-yard and ready-to-wear. Look for the name "POTTER'S *anti-shrink*"—on selvedge and garment labels.

POTTER'S 'Anti-shrink' RAYONS

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

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HAIRDRESSERS held a competition in Copenhagen, Denmark, recently, and these are some of the winners. In this one a black feather finishes the back hair, formed in big curls.

FALSE BRAIDS were much used in the competition, as well as hair pads, feathers, or flowers. The coronet effect here is enhanced by a white plume, worn halo-wise at one side. Attractive to wear at dinner or theatre.

HIGH STYLES from DENMARK

UPSWEPT into flat curls, backed by high-padded rolls, this coiffure offsets a pretty face. The style calls either for long thick hair or false pads of hair in the rolls to achieve height.

DEMONSTRATION coiffure, not meant for actual wear but to show its creator's skill. The built-up back hair is held by a velvet band, a false braid is worn at one side, and the other side is swept up into soft flat curls.

Take these hints and... LADY, BE COOL

HEATWAVE weather is no time for wishful ponderings on unattainable crystal-clear streams, cool caves, and zephyr breezes.

You'll be calmer, fresher, and more comfortable with a simple cooling plan for sizzling summer days.

The claim is that coolness is half a psychological matter, half physical. So away with the mistaken notion that when the temperature soars so must the blood-pressure.

Eat more salads, fruit, and vegetables, both cooked and raw.

Drink plenty of water, fruit and vegetable juices. Good for coolness and complexion. Have tea hot, not iced. It's more refreshing hot.

Skip cold baths; they whip up circulation and make you hotter instead of cooler. Tepid water's the thing for summer dust and grime, and it's refreshing. Or try a foamy bubble-bath to float away that hot, fretful feeling.

Don't fill the bathroom with steam on a torrid day. Turn on cold water first, filling about one-third of the tub; then turn on the hot, letting enough water run in to make a warm plunge.

For sleeplessness caused by heat jitters take the almost-hot bath. Freshen the water with some light fragrance, keep eye-pads on your eyes. Run a little cold water just before you get out. Pat dry and lie down.

The tried-and-true salt bath is the thing if you feel puffy and prickly. Fill the bath with cool to tepid water and add two heaped handfuls of Epsom salts. Wash the face with soap and water first, then get into the tub and relax for 10 minutes. Gently scrub to stimulate circulation. Relax again and run hot and cold water alternately over your feet. Pat dry and finish off with a cologne rubdown. (Brisk drying is for brisk weather. Patting will dry you equally well without heating.)

Keep your skin preparations—creams, lotions, colognes, and deodorants—on the ice if you can.

Use lighter cosmetics, cleansing milk rather than cream; fine cold cream rather than lubricating cream; a foundation lotion rather than heavier cream.

Use flower perfumes, not musky fragrances, giving a touch to the temples, wrists, elbows, and palms.

Keep a cool head. Hair needs washing twice as often as usual. If the scalp perspires, massage in some spirit type of lotion or a mixture of bay rum and menthol crystals.

If your hair can stand it, brush through a few drops of eau-de-cologne occasionally.

Your hair should be smooth, shining, and uncomplicated, up off the neck, away from the face. The benefits are both psychological and physical.

After the bath, rub feet with astringent or friction lotion, pat with dusting powder, or go over your feet with cotton-wool dampened in icy cologne. Sprinkle soothing foot powder in shoes and change shoes often.

Avoid dark colors, high necks, tight girdles, closely fitting sleeves.

Come evening, be it ever so torrid and you ever so tired, do yourself over entirely from the skin out. Hang your clothes in any vagrant breeze, spray fresh underthings with cologne. A clean face, a new complexion, and a fresh hair-do will make you feel new and cool.

Sleep without a pillow, with hair back from the face and off the neck, and pads of cotton-wool soaked in eau-de-cologne behind the ears.

By
CAROLYN EARLE
Our beauty expert

English Loveliness

Three generations of England's loveliest women have used Cyclax Preparations for their essential skin-care and make-up. Special Lotion, *most important of all, clears and lightens the skin;* Tissue Cream *counteracts dryness and wrinkles;* Astringent Complexion Milk *refines skin texture;* Cleansing Lotion *removes make-up, cools and refreshes. Buy and use these Preparations together: your skin will be clearer, smoother, younger.*

Cyclax

NEW YORK LONDON MELBOURNE

KPM

The "Great White Yachts"

The "Great White Yachts" of the K.P.M. Line rekindle happy pre-war memories — glamourous cruises — sunny days — tropical nights.

Soon, it is hoped, these big luxurious liners will be again sailing from Australian ports on their regular schedules to the Netherlands Indies and Singapore.

Incorporated in the Netherlands

ROYAL PACKET NAVIGATION CO. LTD. SYDNEY

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Her Eyes are on Kayser

Yours, too, perhaps?

For women are quick to see when other eyes light with admiring interest.

Kayser creates lingerie that thrills the eye and keeps on thrilling — thrills by loveliness of fabric — thrills by style — thrills by classic tailored line! Exquisitely for you are Kayser underthings, which now even include Embroidered Lingerie!

"Eyes are on Kayser"

KAYSER LINGERIE • HOSIERY GLOVES

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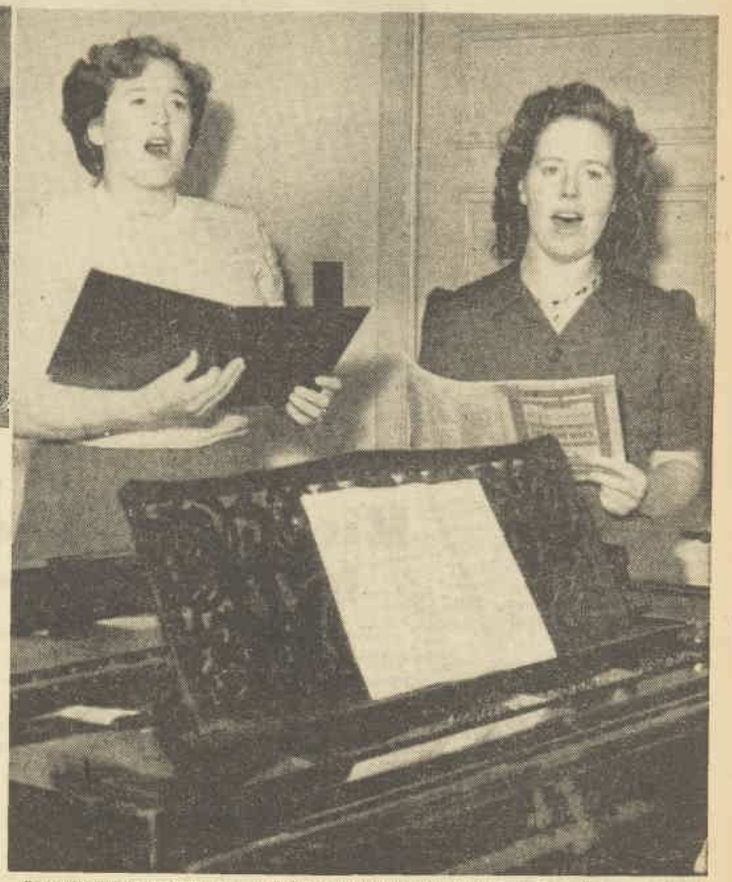
Young singers' dreams come true in London

TO OPERA HOUSE. Elizabeth Harbutt, former Sydney secretary, walking through Covent Garden markets to an opera rehearsal.



ELIZABETH HARBUTT (left) and VERA EVANS take high C during a lesson at Covent Garden Opera House. Elizabeth went from Orange, N.S.W., in search of fame in London, and Vera is the daughter of a London cabby.

Three success stories from Covent Garden

Dreams have come true for Elizabeth Harbutt, of Orange, N.S.W., who saved threepences to pay her fare to London and has won a place in the first permanent opera company at Covent Garden, London.

Auditions were held all over England to choose 60 singers for this chorus and Elizabeth's success story is combined with those of two other new choristers, the typist daughter of a London cabby and a Welsh miner.

GORDON H. KING, Miss Harbutt's fiance, a New Zealander living in Sydney, is a singer, too.

ELIZABETH was a business girl with a voice. She earned £6 a week as a secretary in Sydney, and spent £3 of that on singing lessons. Saving and slaving for seven years got her to London, and her talent has set her on the road to fame.

"She has everything. She should have a very successful career," said Herman Grunebaum, head of the opera section at the Royal College of Music, London, when he first heard her sing.

Now she is studying with him and earning £8 a week in the Covent Garden chorus, best training ground for singers in the world. She left Sydney for London last February.

There was great excitement among Elizabeth's large circle of friends in Australia when they heard she, with 60 others, had been chosen out of 1100 applicants for the chorus.

She was immensely popular with fellow students at the Sydney Conservatorium, where she studied with Miss Dorothy Helmrich, and with the girls among whom she worked at Timbrol's, Sydney.

Fellow students who have not yet got as far as she has exclaim: "Good old Liz. She deserves it."

Doubly engaged

IN a letter to Eleanor Houston, of Sydney, one of her fellow students, Elizabeth told the news in characteristic breezy style.

She wrote:

"Two pieces of news—I'm engaged and I'm engaged; as a chorus girl in Covent Garden and to Gordon H. King, of N.Z.

"I'm thrilled about both.

"I think Covent Garden must be going to make me a page or something, with a silk cushion holding keys.

"They sent me a measurement-card for costume to be filled in, and the measurements required are nobody's business but my own!

"They asked for round the chest, hips, waist, and then round the body. Goodness only knows what that meant. And then they asked for the measurement of the inner leg to the ground. Tights and spangles and high kicks for me. Whacko, for life on the boards."

All her friends tell the same story of how hard Elizabeth worked, typing by day and singing at night, and whenever she could fit in a half-hour or so.

Her collection of threepences for her fare to England was supplemented by the girls at her office.

When they knew she was leaving for England they collected a bag of threepences for her, and embroidered on the bag a bar of music, a clef sign, a pound sterling sign, and the musical notes in threepences.

Elizabeth told Anne Matheson, of The Australian Women's Weekly London staff, her audition was terrifying.

"I was trembling like a leaf off-stage, saying to myself all the time, 'Elizabeth, you've got a cheek coming here where famous singers, from Melba down, have stood.' Then I had to go on the stage."

"Across the footlights I could see the vast opera house, and again I was filled with terror; but as the music played I suddenly thought of all the threepences I had saved up to get here, and I wanted to laugh—then suddenly I was singing and it was all over.

"The most exhilarating thing about Covent Garden is the way you are made to feel you belong there. As soon as I arrived for rehearsal I was just as much a part of that opera company as any of the prima donnas.

"It's so thrilling to go through the hundreds of long corridors getting lost half the time, to look down on the stage and think 'One day I'll be a prima donna here. One day I'll sing all the Wagnerian roles. One day I'll be Brunnhilde.'

"It's my lifelong dream come true.

"For seven years I have had to work and save. It wasn't fun all the time, I can assure you.

"It meant giving up nearly everything. Living cheaply, wearing last year's clothes every year. But I have always been lucky.

"I was lucky to study under Dorothy Helmrich, for she was my mentor and my guide.

"I was lucky to become engaged to a man who is himself a singer, and who said he would wait until I returned or until he could come here himself. I was lucky to get a typing job as soon as I arrived in London, and I was very, very lucky indeed in finding a piano.

IEUAN EVANS (right), Welsh miner, now a member of the Covent Garden chorus, runs through a score with the chorusmaster, Douglas Robinson.

"There wasn't a piano for sale in Britain I could afford. Then a beautiful piano was found that had been stored in the country away from bombs. The owner stipulated it must be sold at prewar price, provided it went to a student. I qualified, and got it for £45."

Even now she has a contract to sing at Covent Garden she can't stop saving threepences.

She and Anne Matheson had tea at one of the little cafes run for the Covent Garden market people. There was threepence in the change, and Elizabeth said: "Let's leave it for the waitress, shall we? Maybe she's saving them up as I once did."

Miss Helmrich says of Elizabeth:

"She has had a very rough road. To begin with, she was trained as a soprano, when her voice was really dramatic mezzo.

"Her real bent was always opera. She was suited for it physically and vocally, but there was no opportunity for her in that field in Australia, so I tried her out at a recital.

"The result was such a slashing from the critics that she was completely crushed, and lost courage for a year.

"But Elizabeth has more than a voice. She has a brave, splendid character. She started again and did extremely well.

Cabby's daughter

EVERY taxi-driver at the stand knew about Old Evans' daughter Vera . . . He would talk about her for hours . . . her wonderful voice, her fair hair, blue eyes . . .

"She'll sing at Covent Garden yet, my boys," the old cabby would say. "She'll be another Melba."

Many a half-pint Old Evans refused. "I've got a lady to keep," he used to say. The lady was his daughter Vera.

A typist at the G.P.O., Vera was one of the girls who volunteered for switchboard work in the blitz. Outside in the bomb-scarred streets her old father drove his cab.

"He never missed a night off the road," Vera told Anne Matheson.

They were strenuous nights for the old cabman and his daughter. But driving home in the dawn Old Evans' spirits would go up again. In the comparative quiet of the outer suburbs he would have a sleep, and after lunch Vera would sing for her old Dad.

"He used to love to hear me singing," Vera said. "I would sing all my roles to him. The dramatic ones were those he liked best—Leonore in 'Il Trovatore' was his favorite.

"'None of that fluffy stuff for you, my girl,' he used to say."

Then Vera attended an audition at Covent Garden. They wanted 60 singers to build up the new permanent chorus at the Opera House.

"Have a try. You'll do it, old girl," the cabman said to Vera. "You've got what it takes."

And Vera had. But the contract was signed a week after she had buried her father.

"The strain of the blitz and heavy work in the war years killed him," she said as she got ready for rehearsals for Purcell's "Fairy Queen."

Twenty-six-year-old Vera Evans always had a good voice.

Continued on page 36

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Editorial

NOVEMBER 16, 1946

DEFEATING BOREDOM

A PSYCHOLOGY quiz being conducted by the Ministry of Works in England begins with the question: "Are you ever bored with your job?"

Few workers of any kind could answer a firm "no" to that question, for every job has its dull patches. A doctor, for instance, however passionately interested in his work, must sometimes become bored during a measles epidemic.

A more useful question would be: "Are you habitually bored with your job?" Answers would reveal that too many people in the present industrialised society do find their work tedious.

Thousands of jobs are so mechanical and repetitious that, once learnt, they provide little stimulus or satisfaction. Those who do them must find other interests if they are to have a reasonable chance of happiness.

Their problem cannot be set aside as just their own personal affair, for no community can be contented and healthy while thousands of its workers are bored and dissatisfied.

More talkies, amusement parks, and juke-boxes are not the answer.

It is in such things as hobbies, handicrafts, amateur theatricals, sport, and study that a real outlet is found.

Equipment, instruction, organisation, and accommodation are needed for these, and the best way of getting them is through community effort.

In some Australian towns, notably in Tasmania, there are already thriving community centres for such activities. More are needed. Any public-spirited citizen can lay the foundations by calling a meeting to discuss such a project for her own locality.

VETERAN FARMER Mr. Donald Grant, of Leeton, N.S.W., who is 100 years old, and one of his daughters, Miss Lois Grant, who manages a farm with her sister.

PET. Miss Margaret Grant feeds her pet goat on the farm at Leeton, where they pioneered rice-growing. She does all farm work except ploughing

Rice farm successfully run by two sisters

Two sisters, daughters of one of Australia's few centenarians, have successfully managed a 525-acre property in the Leeton district, N.S.W., for the past 25 years.

They are Misses Margaret and Lois Grant, whose father, Mr. Donald Grant, celebrated his 100th birthday last March.

THE property, known as Farm 281, grows rice, oats, fruit, and vegetables, and won the first prize ever given for an Australian rice crop in 1929.

It was one of the first of six farms in the district to produce a successful rice crop, and Mr. Grant and Miss Margaret Grant went off to Melbourne to sell the rice.

It was due to their efforts that the first crop sold so well, bringing the growers £15 a ton.

Their home is a comfortable, English-style bungalow, part of which they designed themselves.

Around the walls of the lounge-room are rare Chinese prints which have been in the family several hundred years, while Doulton china, early pewter christening mugs, and other family treasures brought from England are ranged along the mantelpiece.

In spite of their open-air life the sisters are unmistakably English, both in speech and manner.

Their father came to Australia in 1865 as a jackeroo, after receiving a grant for military service from the Duke of Sutherland.

He had been working for only nine years on a 300,000-sheep station in the Riverina district, just out of Hay, when he was made station manager, and was there altogether for 43 years.

Mr. Grant has always been noted for his wonderful handwriting, and on his 100th birthday wrote a reply in copperplate to the Premier of N.S.W. (Mr. McKell), thanking him for his congratulations.

With his two daughters, Mr. Grant came to the Leeton district at the end of 1912, and did more than 20 years' work for the Land Valuation Commission in the township.

"When we took over the farm here rice had not been established in the Irrigation Area, and Margaret and I decided to run the farm as a partnership," Miss Lois Grant said.

They did all the work of getting the property back into good running order, and at first concentrated on growing oats, barley, and vegetables.

Experimental crop

"WHEN we heard that a new variety of rice had been introduced, Margaret and I decided to take a risk and plant 16 acres," Miss Lois Grant said.

Miss Lois Grant, the younger sister, is the "business side" of the partnership, and handles all finance and accounts. Her sister Margaret does much of the farm work.

"We began with the home farm of 71 acres, and now have more than 500 acres, part of which is share-farmed," Miss Margaret Grant said.

"We were both born and brought up on a sheep farm, and can do anything at all except work on the tractor or plough.

"I used to do the ploughing as well until I had rather a bad fall from a horse. Now we have a man who does that for us," Miss Margaret Grant said.

The sisters use an incredibly old Ford car, which has become quite a family joke, to drive round the farm.

The farm is split up into lots, part being comprised of orchards, part of rice-fields, and another part producing vegetables.

"The rice-fields are some distance from the house, so the old car comes in handy," Miss Lois Grant said. "Any other car would be ruined by driving through rice stubble the way we do with this one."

The orchard and vegetable farm are Miss Margaret Grant's special interest, and she still does most of the fruit picking herself, starting about six in the morning.

"During the war troop trains used to stop at Leeton on their way through, and we used to bring baskets of fruit from the orchards to give to the boys," Miss Margaret Grant said.

All Mr. Grant's children were born on a Riverina property in "the old house," a huge, colonial-style homestead built by the early settlers.

"It was a beautiful house, with wide lawns and a long, tree-lined drive. We children had our own 'nannies,' governesses, and tutors, and learned to ride almost before we could walk," Miss Margaret Grant said.

The Grant sisters had five brothers and two cousins living in the house, which was run on strict English lines.

"There were always important visitors to the district staying with us, and though we children had to be seen and not heard, we met writers, musicians, and other celebrities," Miss Lois Grant said.

When she was a girl, Miss Margaret Grant went to England three times, and once travelled through the Continent.

"All the other younger children were sent to colleges eventually, but my brother and I were fully educated by tutors," she said.

Among their music tutors was Miss Eleanor Digone, who had been a pupil of Franz Liszt toward the latter end of his life.

"The nine of us had our own orchestra, as we could all play the piano or the violin. We used to hold some wonderful musical evenings," Miss Grant said.

"Although I love England, the land appeals to me most, and we're very happy running the farm."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep*

Interesting People

MISS URSULA POWYS-LYBBE

. . . "touring camera"

VIVID personality. Ursula Powys-Lybbe, one of London's best-known photographers, will make her home in Australia as the wife of Druce Buckland, Sydney. In her own car she toured all over England fulfilling commissions. Perfected technique of photographing well-known social leaders, with heads surrounded by ears, hunting scenes, views of homes, favorite rooms. Many of her interesting photo series have appeared in The Australian Women's Weekly.

CAPTAIN D. M. STUART

. . . new commodore

OUTSTANDING service in both wars lies behind Captain D. M. Stuart, new commodore of the P. & O. Fleet. He commands the Strathaird, to be returned to the P. & O. early next year after reconditioning. Was in command of the Cathay when as one of the transports in North African landings in 1942 she was bombed and sunk. For his part in this action received D.S.C. Born at Kuala Lumpur in 1889, he joined P. & O. in 1909, is well known to thousands of Australians.

DR. DOROTHY RUSSELL

. . . science only interest

QUIET, restrained in manner, and with her entire interest concentrated on science is the way a colleague describes Dr. Dorothy Russell, formerly of Sydney, who has been appointed director of the Bernhard Baron Institute of the London Hospital and Professor of Pathology. Dark-haired, tall Dorothy Russell is first woman appointed to London Hospital's senior medical staff. Graduate of Sydney and Cambridge Universities, she specialised in research on central nervous system, published a book dealing with nervous lesions.

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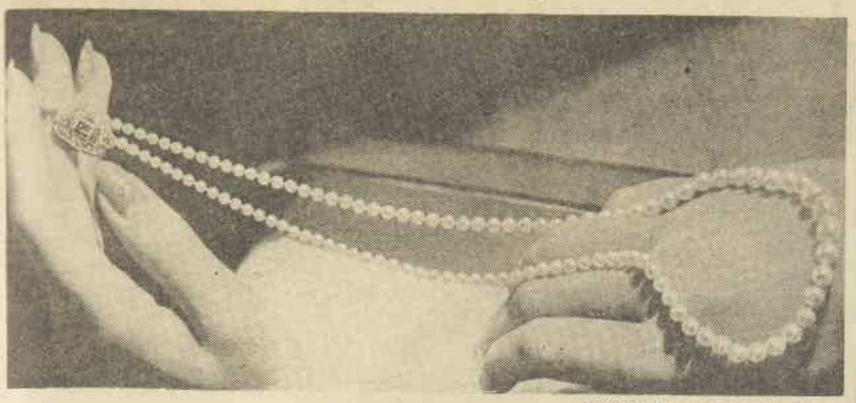
Pearl culture may be new Australian industry



NECKLACE of real pearls. Competition of cultured pearls has lowered the value of these.

NEW YORK jeweller examines first shipment of cultured pearls received from East since 1941.

Only experts can distinguish natural from cultured gems

Cultured pearls may soon be grown in Australia. An Australian technical mission is conducting inquiries in Japan and if favorable advice is received from these experts universities here will be asked to undertake research into the possibility of applying Japanese methods in local waters.

Should the industry be successfully established in Australia it would, according to estimates, increase the national income by a million pounds.

THERE is a world demand for cultured pearls, which before the war came from Japan. Few jewellers hold any to-day.

Before the war it was possible to buy an absolutely first-class cultured pearl necklace for £25, as against £1000 for one of real pearls.

In Japan at present U.S. Army authorities allow the sale of cultured pearls at controlled prices ranging from £6 to £60 a string. In New York and other world capitals they will sell for up to 15 times that amount when shipment abroad is resumed.

Experts say that even the finest natural pearls have felt the competition of first-rate cultured pearls which at their best are indistinguishable from the real thing.

In the last normal trading year, 1939-40, many buyers agreed that the favor gained by the cultured variety was forcing down the price of natural pearls.

Except that natural pearls provide, like diamonds, an easily realised investment, there seems no great advantage in possessing them.

To produce a cultured pearl, the cultivators implant an irritant, usually a mother-of-pearl bead wrapped in fish skin, in the oyster.

During a period of from three to seven years the oyster will cover this bead with layers of nacre, producing the cultured pearl, whose quality will depend on the length of time it is left within the oyster.

A rough and ready test is to place the pearl in the palm of the hand. If it is a real or cultured pearl it will stay cold; an artificial pearl will gradually take on warmth.

Jewellers favor as most reliable the test of placing a pearl against the teeth. Real and cultured pearls feel rough and gritty, while artificial pearls feel perfectly smooth.

But pearl buyers are unanimous in agreeing that only experts can distinguish between the real and cultured pearl.

Frequently an X-ray test needs to be applied before the truth can be definitely established.

Pearls are aristocratic, becoming to all women, and considered by many to be the most romantic of all precious gems. They are worn on all public and State occasions by members of the English Royal Family.

Members of the former Czarist Court were the greatest pearl buyers of history.

Pearls are judged by their color, lustre, and perfect formation.

Records show that something like only one pearl-bearing oyster in a million yields a perfect pearl, unmarred by flaw or imperfection.

The small and inferior type, of irregular shape, are classified as seed pearls, and before the war were sold in necklaces at as little as £3 a string.

Black pearls are extremely rare, but are not considered exceptionally beautiful. The demand for them has never been great. They are used chiefly as studs for men's evening dress.

Blister pearls are hollow, irregular in shape, and formed as the result of the oyster being attacked by a boring parasite. As a protection a deposit of nacreous matter is formed at the point of attack, and this eventually becomes the blister pearl.

The ideal pearl will be either perfectly round or else pear-shaped, its delicate translucent texture showing an iridescent sheen, and without speck or flaw.

The most perfect pearls are frequently found in misshapen, stunted shells, which are most often the pearl-bearers.

Pearls do not, as is popularly supposed, deteriorate if not worn for long periods. But both real and cultured pearls absorb a certain amount of acid from the skin, and should be carefully looked after, being wiped with a silk handkerchief when they are taken off.

Perfume, too, should never be allowed to touch pearls, as it ruins their lustre wherever it comes in contact with them, and all traces of powder should be removed before they are put away.

Real pearls come in pinkish tinge, deep cream, and dead white.

Cultured pearls exhibit these same varieties of color, but occasionally show a greenish tinge which is considered undesirable.

Pearls taken from the Persian Gulf, admitted to be the world's finest pearling ground, are pinkish in color. These pinkish pearls command the highest prices of all.

Those won from Australia are fairly constantly dead white.

In marketing real pearls, buyers have found that American women (whose purchasing power is perhaps greater than that of women of other nations) are the pinkish-tinged pearl buyers; English and French women usually buy those with a deep creamy lustre.

South American women and those of Latin countries where the prevailing skin tone is olive favor these deep creamy pearls, too.

Before the war dead-white, milky pearls were most popular with German women.

INSERTION of tiny fragment of fresh-water mussel into mantle of oyster is delicate operation. Oyster is then returned to bay.

PEARL is removed in laboratory. No way has been found of controlling growth, so not all are perfect. Some lack weight and color.

Pearl millionaire

A JAPANESE zoologist, lecturing to his class in 1890, suggested that a grain of sand inserted in a baby oyster might eventually be covered with layers of nacre, and so produce a scientifically cultivated pearl.

To-day, Kokichi Mikimoto, one of the students who heard that lecture, is the king of Japan's great culture pearl industry. His taxation papers showed him to have earned the largest personal income of all Japanese during the first year's American occupation. He had sold £60,000 worth to occupation troops.

Mikimoto experimented for 19 years before he was able to introduce to the world market the cultured pearl that is to-day indistinguishable to the amateur from the far costlier natural one.

You don't have to be an expert to tell the difference between a real pearl and an artificial one.

GRADING PEARLS. They are examined one by one, and sorted into batches according to size and quality.

DRILLING the pearls is done with very fine jewellers' drills, which are accurate to a thousandth of an inch.

Medicinal properties

FEW people looking longingly into a jeweller's window would associate the beautiful pearls they see with medicinal properties. But the Chinese used to think highly of pearls for this reason, and used them in powdered form in remedies for certain ills.

People who are born on Monday can claim the pearl as their lucky birthstone.

The need for a substitute for genuine pearls was felt as far back as 1680, when, after some experimenting, a Parisian rosary-maker announced that he had perfected the first fine artificial pearl.

Artificial varieties are composed of such widely differing materials as processed fish scales and glass beads covered with wax.

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AUSTRALIAN RED CROSS SOCIETY

When your ship comes home . . .

Acknowledgement—Age photo.

" It will bring treasures for you, little man - - lots of nice things. And work too, because you'll grow up big and strong." Meantime happy hours for little Trevor, with all the love and care which is the heritage of the little ones. This is made possible by the work of Red Cross Hospital Visitors who render assistance not only to ex-Servicemen and women . . . . but also to their children. Will you too help Red Cross in its unceasing work of mercy?

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

IMPORTANT days lie ahead for many people. Some can look forward to an unexpected stroke of luck while others will find general happiness. A few of you must be careful if you want to avoid trouble and upsets.

Cancerians, Scorpions, and Pisceans should seek wanted goals and changes with optimism and confidence. Those who must be especially discreet and easy to get along with include Taurians, Aquarians, and Leonians.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Plan ahead; some good weeks shortly. Meanwhile utilise Nov. 14, 4 p.m. to 11 p.m., and Nov. 15 (very good to sunrise, forenoon and after 3 p.m., fair). But 12, 13, early 14 and 19 poor.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Beware indiscretions, losses, parrings, unwise changes and discord now. Luck does not favor you. Especially on Nov. 14 (evening), 15, 16. Routine affairs prove best.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Nov. 19 can prove very helpful in minor matters, so can Nov. 14 (11 a.m. to 11 p.m. only) and 15 (before sunrise good, 10-11 a.m. fair); but Nov. 17 and 18 poor.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Go after those promotions, changes, and gains you want; fortune smiles just now. Nov. 12, 13 except sunrise, and 18 after 4 p.m. all helpful. Nov. 14 to 11 p.m. and 15 to sunrise very good.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Beware aggressive tactics and unwise changes or statements now. (Especially late Nov. 14, 15, 16, 17 (morning), and Nov. 18 midday.) Routine affairs best now, but good weeks soon.

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): Very fair opportunities for many Virgoans. Nov. 12 poor to 3 p.m., then fair; Nov. 13 fair after 9 a.m.; 14 good to 11 p.m.; 15 good to 8 a.m.; Nov. 17 and 18 very fair after 1 p.m.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Consolidation better than new venturing now. Nov. 12 very fair to 3 p.m. (only); but Nov. 14 (evening), 15 to 8 a.m., 18 after 4 p.m. helpful; all 19 good.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Speed up all important matters, success likely now. Utilise Nov. 12 after 2 p.m.; 13 except sunrise; 14 to 2 p.m.; 18 after 4 p.m.; and all Nov. 19.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Plan ahead for good weeks come shortly. Meanwhile complete all dragging matters. Nov. 12, 17, and 18 poor; 13 forenoon; 14 after midday; 15 to 8 a.m.; 16 (except 9-12 a.m.), and Nov. 19 helpful.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): A week of modest opportunities and enjoyments, but do not demand the impossible. Nov. 12, 13, early 14 and all 18 poor; but 15 to 8 a.m., 17 from 7 a.m. to 1 p.m. all very fair.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Live quietly this week, for indiscretions bring regrets and obstacles. Especially on Nov. 14 (after 2 p.m.), 15, and 17 and 18 mornings poor, too. 13 fair.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Keep busy. Be optimistic and confident. Seek advancement, favors, gains, changes now. Nov. 12 poor to 3 p.m., then good.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

"We'd love to come, but the baby keeps us tied down so much."

Your Coupons

TEA: Black and red, V13-V24 (V13-V16 expire Nov. 17, V23-V26 and W available Nov. 18).
SUGAR: Black, red, and green, page 7, P and Q, 1-3-5-7-9-11.
BUTTER: U6, U8, U10 expire Nov. 17.
MEAT: Black and red, J7, K7, L7, N7, J8, K8, L8 expire Nov. 17. Green C21-C24 expire Nov. 17.
CLOTHING: Y1-96, Z57-112.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are with
PROF. THURSBY: On the moon. In the party is
LAURA: The Professor's daughter.
AMON: A kindly moon-man, arranges for the three men to visit the moon's core, where fire people live in a temperature as high as any furnace. They don transparent heat-resisting suits, and are escorted by
GARO: A wicked moon-man and his friend
HYRA: Who wish to destroy Mandrake, Lothar, and the Professor, so lock them in. At first the fire people attack Mandrake and his friends, hurling fire balls at them, but after Mandrake and Lothar kill a great dragon which is about to destroy the fire people, they beg Mandrake's forgiveness.
NOW READ ON:

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FASTER RELIEF when you need it most

The reason why Anacin gives such faster, more effective and longer lasting relief from pain—is that it is a combination of four highly effective agents in concentrated tablet form—not just one single ingredient.

You'll find that two Anacin tablets because of their faster action, will often do the work of much larger doses of other headache powders and tablets. Yes, Anacin is not only more effective but cheaper in the long run than other headache remedies. Your chemist has Anacin—in packets of 12 or family bottles of 50 and 100. Keep it handy to stop pain.

Ask your doctor or dentist about ANACIN

Two bring fast relief

ANACIN

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

'ROOS HELP TEETHING

VICTORIAN ABORIGINALS TIED **KANGAROOS'** TEETH TO THEIR BABIES' WRISTS AS A **TEETHING** AID. GIVE YOUR **CHILDREN'S TEETH** THE **PROPER** START – EVEN **2 YEAR** OLDS SHOULD BE TAUGHT TO USE KOLYNOS REGULARLY. KOLYNOS **ANTISEPTIC** FOAM SWIRLS INTO EVERY CREVICE – **FLOATS** AWAY FOOD DEPOSITS – **GUARDS** AGAINST DENTAL **DECAY**.

PROFIT *from* LOSS

IN **GOLSPIE** (SCOTLAND) IT WAS BELIEVED THAT IF A **TOOTH** FELL OUT AND WAS **LOST**, SOMETHING VALUABLE WOULD BE **FOUND** WITHIN A WEEK! YOUR **TEETH** ARE YOUR MOST **VALUABLE** POSSESSION – KEEP THEM **WHITE** AND **HEALTHY** WITH KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM. **KOLYNOS** IS DOUBLY ACTIVE – **FRESHENS** YOUR BREATH AS IT CLEANSES YOUR TEETH.

DO YOU KNOW?

TEETH MAKE SUNSHINE!

TO MAKE THE SUN **SHINE**, WIZARDS OF **NEW CALEDONIA** CLIMB TO A **MOUNTAIN** TOP AND SET **FIRE** TO A LOCK OF RELATIVE'S HAIR AND TWO **TEETH** OF AN **ANCESTOR**!

SAINTS WATCH OVER TEETH

THROUGHOUT THE **WORLD** THERE ARE NO LESS THAN 20 PATRON **SAINTS** CONNECTED WITH **DENTISTRY**.

Y'R MONEY GOES FURTHER

KOLYNOS IS THE **FAMILY** DENTAL CREAM – IT LASTS TWICE AS LONG AS ORDINARY TOOTHPASTE – SO **CONCENTRATED** YOU NEED ONLY **HALF AN INCH** ON A DRY BRUSH.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

K47-1

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Murray River Swagman

IT does not stop raining, which is no good for the fruit. It's not so good for me, either. I had meant to spruce myself up here, because Mildura is not so far away. But I could quite easily be a Murray swagman waltzing matilda in a boat.

I load up and pull out. It is a cleaner way of getting wet and miserable on the river. I pass orchards with pickers in the trees. They are almost frantic the way they are rushing the peaches into the sheds before the rain and the sun raddles the bloom and rots the flesh.

I am rowing hard now because there is some odd satisfaction in it.

Presently I pull into the bank. I am thinking that perhaps my new mood could fit into the needs of the day. I could help pick fruit and save an orchardist some loss. The trees of the orchard I approach grow almost to the bank. They are loaded with peaches and the branches hang heavily with the added weight of moisture.

I haul the boat up and go squelching towards the trees. I feel good about my intentions, but not virtuous in any way.

There is somebody working up a ladder at a tree quite close. The person, I can see, is wearing an Army gas slicker a surplus equipment purchase.

I stop at the foot of the ladder and hail: "Hi, Digger, do you want some help?" He is very small.

The person squirms round and peers at me through the drooping leaves. My mouth falls open with surprise. It is June. She is wearing an old felt hat and her face is wet. It is very serious, too.

She just gives me a look and starts picking again. She does not recognise me. She says through the raindrops, "You're no good to me unless you can work fast. This isn't a picnic for river swagmen."

I open my mouth to tell her who I am, then stop. I've got to show her that I'm different now, and if I tell her who I am she mighn't even hire me, just like she said.

"Give me a try," I say meekly. "I could do with some dough."

She makes up her mind then. "All right," she says. "Take the second row from here. You'll find a spare bucket and some cases and a ladder just along, but for heaven's sake don't bruise any of the fruit." She adds: "It's double the usual pay if you do all right."

I notice she has already picked over the first two trees of her row. I collect my gear and get started. In an hour I am level with her. She drops over when a cart comes up to load my fruit. She looks over my work critically and then calls to me.

"You're doing all right," she says. "Keep it up. You're better than I expected."

I go on picking. It is the only language in which I will be able to talk to her when I am ready. She is worried, and with her old hat and the gas slicker she looks as odd a duck as I do.

The old man who drives the cart brings me some lunch, and she rides up to the house. I take five minutes off to eat, and I'm away again. When she returns she looks over at me sharply. I see her watching through the screen of trees. I'm the busiest Murray River swagman she's ever met, and she's surprised. I chuckle.

It is dusk when she hails me from the foot of my ladder.

"Nice work," she praises. "I'm sorry I was so rude. You did more work than I did."

"That's praise from you," I say, "judging from your reputation along the river."

"Be that so," she says, "it's well earned. I've never seen fruit picked so fast before right through the day. I could do with a good worker like you around. Do you want a regular job?"

I am glowing even more. I stay up the tree.

"No," I say. "I don't think I'd get on with a woman wearing the pants." I am enjoying myself.

She laughs again and then she sneezes. "All right," she says, "I know some men have that objection, and you're entitled to share it if you want to. I'm the only one left to run the orchard now, so—— Any-

Continued from page 10

way, look, here's your day's pay, just in case you want to push on to-morrow. I'll leave it on the foot of the ladder."

"Why," I say, "don't you want me to work to-morrow?"

"Of course I do," she says. "I want that more than anything. But I know you Murray swagmen." She gives a friendly laugh to take the malice out of that.

"I'll be here," I tell her.

"Right. I'll leave the money just the same. Good-night."

I get out of the tree, pick up the two pound notes she has left (I suspect it is a lot more than is due to me), and march smartly back to my boat. It takes a long while to get a fire started, but it's going at last.

AT daybreak I'm working. June does not come down with the other pickers. When the old man with the cart calls for my fruit I ask, "Where's the boss?"

"Down with a 'eavy cold," he sighs. "This ain't no work for a girl like Miss June, but her brothers were killed in the war."

I am upset about June. She is worth two ordinary pickers, and this is the critical day. What I don't pick before the sun shines will be her loss. The thought is my spur.

You can do a lot of thinking picking fruit. All day my mind is busy as well as my hands.

I think of the loads of logs I didn't haul. I think of the houses that could have been built if I'd shown the old man where production could be speeded up.

The sun comes out twice that day, but not long enough to do any damage. I work until it is too dark to see a peach. I am dog-tired when I go back to my boat, but very happy. The next day the sun shines a little more often and longer.

When I finish the last trees on the third day all the clouds roll away and the sun blazes down.

The old man comes up to me. "Miss June," he says, "will pay you up at the 'ouse." He looks at me friendly. "Youse certainly done a good job," he acknowledges.

I grin. I'm feeling proud myself, but I'm feeling excited, too. I go back to my camp and shave off my beard. I clean my boots and put on a new shirt. I look pretty smart, but when I approach the house I roll along lazily. It is how she will remember me.

She is lying on a lounge on the side verandah, reading. She is very pale. She looks up when she hears me, and greets me with surprise. "Why, it's Mr. Wilson, isn't it? How nice of you to call."

"Just passing by on the river," I explain. "Thought I'd drop in and say hello."

"If you'd come along a little earlier," she says, "I'd have had the two hardest-working men in Australia here together."

"Me and who else?" I ask.

"A Murray River swagman," she says. "Would you like to meet him? He'll be along presently to get his pay." Then she sighs. "I only wish I could persuade him to stay."

I take out my tobacco. I smile to myself. "Why is he so wonderful?" I ask. "Is it hard work picking fruit?"

"But for him," she says, "the rain would have spoilt my crop."

"And he's so good, you'd like to have him around all the time?"

"I would indeed," she says, "only he doesn't like working for women in pants."

"Oh," I say, "perhaps he might change his mind when he sees you like this in a dress."

She laughs that off easily. "You have the same ideas," she says.

FOR a moment I don't answer. Then I say, "I did, but I've changed my mind." I try to keep my voice light but it gets down too low. "Now I'd like to work for you—always."

I step on to the verandah. I'm quaking. I'm holding out two pound notes, the ones she left on the ladder. She looks from them to me and her eyes open wide. She gets it and suddenly everything is so silent I'm sure she can hear my heart working for her too.

"You're just paying me back, are you, Mr. Wilson?" she says.

"Ralph," I say. "No, I'm keeping this money."

"I mean—you came specially over to show me up?"

"No," I say, "I was going to drift on the river. Then it rained. I didn't know this was your orchard. I just wanted to help." I am very earnest. "June," I plead, "I just want to go on working for you always."

She is staring at me, the color of peaches on her cheeks. I'm getting the points back fast, but she's holding out on a few. It's there in her eyes. She's not sure of me yet. She's not sure yet that I'm not at heart a Murray River swagman, although I see it in her eyes that she'd like to believe I'm not.

"June," I say, "I'm going straight back to the mill and when the snow falls again I'll be looking out for you. Will you call in for the tyre-chains?"

It is better that I should prove myself completely.

She does not answer. I hold out my hand for the wages due to me. I feel sure I'll collect the rest when the snow falls upon the mountains. It is there in her eyes, waiting. It is like the sun, warm and shining, but I'm going back to work.

(Copyright)

What's on your mind?

Remedying congestion in city shops

IMPROVEMENT of shopping facilities in the suburbs by the establishment of creches and reading-rooms and daily entertainments in suburban theatres and parks would be a means of relieving the congestion in the city shopping areas.

Women are always complaining of their tiredness after a day's shopping in the city, contending with overcrowded, narrow streets, and waiting for slow attention in busy shops.

Greater development of the suburbs would remove the need for so much city shopping.

With fast electric train services to carry goods the price of articles should not be any more than in city shops. In any case many clothing, food, and furniture factories are now being started further out from the city.

£1 to Mrs. G. Funnell, 21 Station Rd., Belmore, N.S.W.

Tell the antidote

IT should be compulsory for manufacturers to print on the label of any bottle containing poison the correct antidote and procedure to be followed should the contents be swallowed accidentally.

5/- to Mrs. T. Young, 12 Victoria Terrace, Annerley, Qld.

Wot—no opera?

I HAVE watched with great delight the widespread revival of musical interest in Australia, and the growth of symphony orchestras capable of presenting any of the world's most exquisite music; but it seems strange that the art of grand opera is still almost unknown here.

Judging by request sessions on the radio, the average citizen likes opera, what he hears of it, and when opera is staged at the Sydney Conservatorium it plays to capacity houses.

5/- to Anthony Gallagher, 20 Fairlight Crescent, Manly, N.S.W.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Good neighbors

WHEN I lived in a small country town my neighbor and I had a most satisfactory "good-neighborly" arrangement, to help us on our respective washing days.

On my day Mrs. B. would bring me in a tray at 11 o'clock with a

nice pot of tea and sandwiches, and on her day I would do the same.

As we both had young children to get off to school we could not make an early start with our washing; but this arrangement enabled us to go right on without interruption.

5/- to Jean Eulenstein, 29 Thomas St., North Sydney.

John Moran is answered

JOHN MORAN cannot hope to get away with a general accusation that the younger generation are all barbarians.

I find the most boorish travellers are middle-aged men, who take advantage of extra weight, with which the years have blessed them, to bat down anyone who is between them and the nearest seat.

The younger generation may not be ceremonious with their chivalry, but they are usually the first to help those who are in need of assistance.

5/- to L. V. Harvey, 107 Dendy St., Middle Brighton, Vic.

WRITING as another member of the younger generation I do not entirely agree with John Moran (12/10/46) and even if young people are sometimes thoughtless it is the fault of their parents. If members of the older generation exercised more control over their children they would be respected far more than at present.

5/- to Yvonne Collins, 200 Macdonald St., Kalgoorlie, W.A.

IN reply to John Moran I do not agree with him at all and feel sure other young people do not either. He says the type of music enjoyed by the youths of to-day could be made with "tin cans and cow-bells." Rubbish! I'd certainly like to see him try to compete with tin cans and cow-bells against Vic Silvester and his orchestra. He just would not be in the race.

5/- to Patsy Stone, 71 Taylor St., Glen Innes, N.S.W.

Half-measures enough

HALF sleeves for men's and boys' everyday shirts would save material, coupons, money, and time. Long sleeves are unnecessary and only make more ironing for the housewives.

5/- to Mrs. R. J. Filiness, West Lynne, via Jindabyne, N.S.W.

It's that lovely CHIFFON effect—

See your skin take on new fineness, new smoothness, new youthful colour with CHIFFON FACE POWDER!

Use very little; smooth it on carefully and evenly, studying the effect in your mirror; use very little powder-base or none at all.

Chiffon FACE POWDER, 2'5

CHIFFON FACE POWDER

ATKINSONS • LONDON AND SYDNEY

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IN MELBOURNE for the races. Major Michael Hawkins, A.D.C. to the Duke of Gloucester, with his pretty fiancee, Virginia Heath, snapped at Flemington on Derby Day. Virginia and Michael plan marriage for November 26

PRETTY GIRL Margaret Dowling, of Walla, Coonamble, dines at Prince's with David Gordon, of Bungendore, her uncle, Mr. Hubert Fairfax, and Mrs. Barney Joyce, of Eidswold, Queensland, who flew down with her husband to be present at dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax for Margaret's 21st birthday

CELEBRATION. Wenday Yates (right), who announces engagement to Robin Pagan, lunches at Prince's with her mother, Mrs. Harold Yates (left), and aunt, Miss Maud Yates, who is hostess.

Intimate Gettings

RECEPTION FOR AMBASSADOR. United States Ambassador Mr. Robert Butler (left), Mrs. Butler, and their daughter Catherine, with their hostess, Mrs. Charles Derry, and host, Mr. Derry, who is Consul-in-Charge of American Consulate-General. Party given at the Derrys' Point Piper home.

CHEERY GROUP. Alma Hubner, Mr. Roy McCaughey, of Coonong, Narrandera, Madame Hubner, Mrs. McCaughey, and Senor Manuel Hubner, Minister for Chile, at a party given by the McCaugheys in the Hubners' honor at the Australia Hotel during Cup festivities

MOST of the town's conversation still about Melbourne and the Cup Week gaieties. Returning visitors tell me it was just like old times, only more so. One party after another throughout the week and Flemington jammed with people from all over.

Everyone agrees it's the most elaborately dressed Cup ever. Plenty of color, too, in frocks and hats. The Duchess of Gloucester wears glorious jewellery with her powder-blue frock—a collar of iridescent pearls and shells in a grape design, and a diamond true-lovers' knot. Cheers greet Duke and Duchess as they drive up the straight in an open car.

Some lovely hats around. One of the most admired is Mrs. Hans Robertson's, which has bird-of-paradise plumes surmounting a yellow crown. Novel fashion note in the jewelled sunglasses worn by lots of smart people.

• • •

CUP WEEK always favorite time in the South for announcing engagements, and Rosmary Knox chose Cup Eve to announce hers to former Grenadier Guardsman Major Robert Lindsay, only son of late Major Lindsay and the Hon. Mrs. Robert Lindsay, of Perth.

Rosemary, who is only daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Knox, of Toorak, is wearing her fiance's signet ring until she receives the engagement ring.

GREAT activity on the Suds front these days. Enthusiastic members of the Sydney University Dramatic Society hold exotic Hassan Ball at Uni. to raise funds towards the £500 needed to stage famous verse play, "Hassan," by James Elroy Flecker.

Lots of other money-raising "do's" planned for later in the year—a cabaret night at Christy's, and a big New Year Ball at Merrioola.

Suds are also hoping to take Careel House, and run a summer school there—a holiday house for members, and a play to be performed at week-ends on the terrace.

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ATTEND cocktail party at Australia to welcome back Harry Watt, writer-director of "The Overlanders." When I arrive Harry still receiving congratulations on his job on the great Australian film. Full of enthusiasm about his next project, "Eureka Stockade," in which Chips Rafferty will star in the role of Peter Lalor. "By strange coincidence," quips Harry, "I find my research on the story will take me to Melbourne and Adelaide at the same time as the English Test matches will be l- 'd!"

MURRAY JONES and his stalwart air buddies Bill Hughes and Bill Sweetenham cause quite a sensation when they whizz up to St. Philip's in Murray's jeep for his wedding to pretty Patricia Kingsley-Strack, of Cremorne. However, after ceremony couple sedately drive off in closed limousine to reception at "Merrybyn," leaving the two "Bills" to cope with the jeep. Great fun when Murray and Pat go off in same jeep honeymoon-bound in truly post-war manner.

• • •

INTERESTING new job for Isabel Ann Shead, who is now Talks Producer, Pacific Service, B.B.C. Isabel gives this news to her mother, Mrs. E. A. Shead, of Lindfield, in a letter written from London. Isabel has also acquired a car, which she is having lots of fun with and visiting old traditional spots of England. Her husband, Australian Charles Zwar, is musical director of the Ambassadors Theatre, and his latest show to be produced, "The Sweetest and Lowest," is still playing.

• • •

HAPPY to be back in Australia and greeting many old friends is Viscount Dunwich, new chief of staff to Victoria's Governor, Sir Winston Dugan. This is Lord Dunwich's fifth visit to Australia. He is the eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Stradbroke, and during the latter part of his father's term as Governor of Victoria acted as A.D.C. He hopes Lady Dunwich and their daughters, sixteen-year-old Hon. Marye Rous and fourteen-year-old Hon. Penelope Rous, will arrive in Australia early in the New Year.

• • •

INFORMAL atmosphere at cheery party given by Legacy workers to officially "open" their new Torch Bearers' Legacy Fair shop at Torch Bearers' Headquarters, 169-171 Elizabeth Street. Liked Mrs. Tony Pfeiffer's halo hat which she wore with snappy ensemble of print frock and navy sheer wool coat with matching print cuffs.

• • •

NEWLYWEDS, Dr. Loris Blashki and his bride, formerly Beryl Rosebery, who were married just recently, plan future home at Guildford, where Loris has practice.

Joyce

ARRANGING DANCE. Popular Mosman Younger Set lasses June Sutherland (left), Judy Alldritt, June Moore, and Lesley Burley are organizing "Night in November" ball at War Memorial Hall, Cammeray, on November 22, in aid of the Mosman Spastic Centre.

COUNTRY INTEREST. Ronald McClelland, of Jumble Plains, Tullamore, ex-P.O.W., 8th Division, and his bride, formerly Winifred Grant, of Peak Hill, arrive at Pickwick Club after wedding at St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street.

CONSULAR PARTY. Consul-General for the Netherlands, Mr. A. J. Zylstra, and his charming wife (third from left) greet guests Mrs. P. A. Coxon, Australian-born American Red Cross worker (left), Mrs. Claude Plowman, and Lady McNicoll, at party given at their home at Bellevue Hill.

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WORTH Reporting

AS well as visiting cathedrals and ruins of more elderly vintage, 1947 tourists to Britain want a printed guide to bomb damage sites.

There have been hundreds of requests to the British Government to include a chapter on bomb damage in their new illustrated handbook of the British Isles.

A flood of "Come to Britain" literature will be released shortly as the plans to welcome foreign tourists are being speeded up.

The handbook will include a hotel guide with up-to-date lists of accommodation and charges.

Information sheets are also being prepared by the writer, Mr. Edmund Vale, of the British Travel Association.

These sheets show where are to be found the most interesting and historical sights and local lore.

Very private enterprise

WORST cause of discontent among office juniors is having to make the staff's tea.

An enterprising business manager we know, tired of the constant squabbles about "whose turn" and "who left the washing up," appointed a woman to come into the office at 10.30 a.m., 1 p.m., and 4 p.m. to make, serve, and clear away the staff's tea-things.

He reckoned he'd save her wages on the time the staff used to spend congregated round the tea-table in the back room.

So he has. And the new employee has proved enterprising too. She now runs up a batch of scones, biscuits, or cakes, and when serving tea sells these trifles at a penny or twopence each, thus making a little on the side.

* * *

HORTICULTURAL NOTES. A resident of Manly, N.S.W., owns a papaw tree whose luscious yellowing fruits are the envy of all the neighbors.

The only problem which besets the proud gardener is that the heavy fruit may drop from the tree, shaken by a sudden wind, and be broken in the fall.

To combat this he places cushions around the base of the trunk.

Quickness of the hand

WHEN our liftman returned from a shopping expedition the other day he recounted an unusual incident to us.

While buying a hat, he watched a young man being served with an overcoat. The young man satisfied himself as to its length, fit, and so on, and asked for a hat to match.

He chose carefully from the two or three offered, and then, wearing the new hat and coat, made a quick dash for the door.

The salesmen were so astonished they wasted several seconds before giving chase, and only the lucky proximity of a policeman on the first corner prevented the customer from acquiring a free outfit.

SULK-WORM

TO compete with nylon, Japanese scientists are trying to breed tougher silkworms which will not, as formerly, be erratic in production.

A SILKWORM sat on a mulberry leaf,
Her name (by a lucky chance) was Liz,
And sighed as she said: "I am sunk in grief,
For the trouble you know with silkworms is
We feel that our efforts are not any use if
Our product no longer remains exclusive."
Our silkworm shrugged and tried to laugh:
"It's all because of this wretched nylon.
I think we should ask for time and a half
If they're so determined the work to pile on.
But it's not much use, from what I've heard,
The surly worms will be getting the bird."

—DOROTHY DRAIN.

Dickens remembered

CHARLES DICKENS, during his life, was always a champion of the underdog, and there are still old-timers who actually remember him.

Near his home in England there is a small dugout cafe ten by twelve feet in measurement. A conversation was overheard between two old men, very bedraggled and in tatters, one night as they were having a cup of tea in the cafe.

One was telling of a very trying experience he had had the night before in the workhouse.

"But it's no use complainin' 'Twouldn't do no good. And it's not as if I ain't a regular. Been goin there seven years."

"No, 'tain't no good complainin'," replied the other, "but 'twouldn't 'ave 'appened if Charlie Dickens 'ad been 'ere."

* * *

THE Americans certainly don't pull their punches when it comes to advertising. In San Francisco there is a large airport surrounded by a fence. Just outside this boundary stands an enormous sign which could be read a mile away—"NEXT TIME TRAVEL BY RAIL AND FEEL SAFE."

Newsgirl

CALLING "Paper, sir! Paper, sir!" blonde, attractive 21-year-old Mrs. Gwen Irwin is back on her father's news stand at the Elizabeth Street entrance to St. James Station, Sydney, after 12 months' absence.

Once an office toiler, Gwen says she prefers street newspaper selling to any other kind of job.

"Gives you a chance to get outdoors, come in contact with people, and see life go by," she says.

Gwen's father, Mr. P. F. Hickey, has owned the St. James stand for about 20 years, long before the station was built.

Gwen helped out for three years during the war because of manpower difficulties, and is back again relieving one of the hands for a few weeks.

She was married three months ago.

Being incurably romantic, we asked the inevitable: "Did she meet her husband on the stand? Did she sell him the evening paper?"

She didn't. He is a railway employee whom she first met on the railway station of her home suburb.

THE LITTLE SCOUTS

"Mr. Johnson must have found that honey tree!"

Life through a glass

WE found out what it feels like to be looking from the inside out from a Sydney wood-carver, Mr. H. England.

For the past three weeks he has been sitting in a display window and carving foliage on tables for the first Australian Furniture Trades exhibition.

"You don't need a clock to know the time of day when you are working, either," he says.

"All you need do is look up, and from the sort of people standing watching you pretty soon learn to guess what time it is."

During business hours the crowd is made up mostly of middle-aged men and women shoppers, with a leavening of errand boys and messengers.

Lunchtime is marked by the appearance of a younger element as the offices spill out their workers.

This is the time couples like to stroll up and down, looking at household furnishings.

In the middle of the afternoon newly-released schoolgirls and schoolboys make their presence felt by pushing to the front and standing with their noses pressed against the glass.

He says that you soon lose your self-consciousness, though he admits that on the first day of the exhibition he, a wood-carver of 19 years' experience, continually drove the chisel in too far and sent the chips flying like any amateur.

But after that he settled down and managed to get through a fairly good day's work.

What Mr. England missed more than anything else was having anyone to talk to. To keep his spirits up he sang and whistled to himself at odd times throughout the day.

Animal Antics

"It's a stick-up!"

In the dough

AT the Health and Recreation Exhibition in the Sydney Town Hall we were considerably taken with a display of dough modelling done by children of early kindergarten age.

The dough is made into figures, allowed to dry out, and then painted with the same powder-paint used in finger-painting. Dried raisins are used for eyes, mouth, and buttons.

Displayed were dough fish, little men, fruits and what we at first took to be a rainbow, but what on closer inspection proved to be labelled a red and yellow snake.

This form of child activity impressed us as being an ideal one for a wet morning during the holidays. But we were worried by just one thing.

So had the kindergarten superintendents been when it was first introduced.

They had got over it, the girl attendant at the Exhibition told us, by liberally salting the dough before it was given to the children.

Worth looking at!
Last year's undies, yet they still have that New look... that
LUX LOOK!

Lux care keeps undies lovely 3 times as long!

Lovely girl in lovely undies—what a pretty picture! Yet those undies aren't new. That new look is the Lux look. It's left-in perspiration that ruins delicate fabrics. But Lux gently whisks it away. Tests prove that with Lux, undies stay lovely and buttercup-fresh *three times* as long as when you use strong soaps or harsh methods like bar-soap rubbing.

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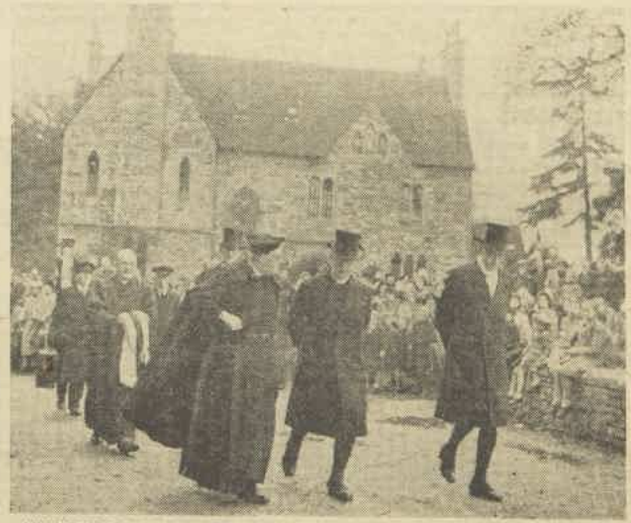
MOUNTBATTENS' DAU

AFTER THE CEREMONY, when the Hon. Patricia Mountbatten married Captain Lord Brabourne, Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten, bride's parents, leave with bridegroom's mother

BATTERY OF CAMERAS face the bridesmaids as they leave Abbey. Princess Elizabeth is nearest to the left in the picture. The fourth attendant is the bride's sister. Princess Elizabeth arranged bridal retinue, placing Princesses Alexandra and Margaret Rose in front

BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM leaving the Abbey, Romsey, Hampshire, after their marriage, conducted by bishop of Canterbury. The bride's gown is of silver-gold brocade with tight bodice, long sleeves, and full carries Madonna lilies. Her parchment tulle veil, bordered with lace, is held in place by a diamond-and

TUDOR COTTAGES of red brick make picturesque background as the crowds, brought in thousands from all over the South of England, begin to gather.



ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, who conducted the ceremony, arriving at the Abbey with the Bishop of Winchester, watched by crowd of onlookers.

DOWNPOUR OF RAIN did not mant year. Scores of women wept in

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GHTER MARRIED

THREE PRINCESSES—Elizabeth, Alexandra of Kent, and Margaret Rose—who attended the bride

THE KING AND QUEEN, with Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose and Prince Philip of Greece, arrive at Romsey Abbey. The Princesses' gowns are of Happy-blue crepe, billowing in front, and they carry bouquets of golden roses and small blue flowers, which match the wreaths on their heads

Royal Family attends wedding at Romsey

WHEN the Hon. Patricia Mountbatten, eldest daughter of Lord Louis Mountbatten, cousin of the King, and Lady Mountbatten, was married to Captain Lord Brabourne, of the Coldstream Guards, the wedding had everything to make it the perfect English ideal of tradition and beauty.

The bride, beautiful, young, and popular, was attended by three Princesses—Princess Elizabeth, Princess Margaret Rose, and Princess Alexandra of Kent—and her younger sister, the Hon. Pamela Mountbatten.

In the thousand-year-old Abbey at Romsey, Hampshire, where the Archbishop of Canterbury conducted the ceremony, was an assemblage of guests representative of England's oldest traditions. They included the King and Queen and other Royalties; but among the guests, too, were many tenants from the Mountbatten estate, Broadlands, for Lord Louis is squire of Romsey.

The magnificent wartime record of the bride's father and the engaging, charming personality of both Lord and Lady Louis in themselves aroused world-wide interest in the event, and caused 50,000 people to stand in heavy rain to watch the bride arrive.

Their interest was rewarded when after the ceremony the bridal party and the Royal guests walked several hundred yards down the road, despite the mud, so that no one should be disappointed.

SILVER HORSESHOE being presented to the bride by Petty-Officer R. Holder is dropped nervously, but retrieved.

CARD OF ADMITTANCE being produced for the policeman guarding the gate by old tenant of Mountbatten estate.

...nt onlookers at the most spectacular wedding held in England this ...k in graveyard night before and gravestones were vantage points.

LADY LOUIS arriving with her daughter Pamela, who is having difficulty in keeping her frock out of the mud.

NERVOUS BRIDEGROOM talks to a policeman at the Abbey, while awaiting the time to take his place at altar.

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"Captain's compliments, sir, and could we spare a few packets of RINSO?"

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The Gardenia Case

Continued from page 5

WHEN she came to the street she wanted, Nesta found that it was worse than she had expected—narrow and steep, with a row of mean houses, their paint peeling off them and an unmistakable air of sin and secrecy about them.

Number forty-two she was looking for, repeating the number as she hurried along, glancing up at each house, hoping with sinking heart that this wouldn't be it—the sordid front door, the graining pretending to be oak or ash, the colored glass at the sides of it—red or blue or a bilious yellow that would throw a sickening glare down the narrow front passage.

Those doors certainly would not open widely. People would slip in and out with money for the only password.

The street was quiet this morning, would be for some hours yet. Its shut-in, furtive atmosphere mocked the clean glitter of the bay so close at hand. A giant battleship seen between squalid rooftops looked as though it were sailing into the backyards opposite.

Number forty-two, when she came to it, was no better and no worse than the rest. She crossed the dusty verandah and rang the bell.

In a few minutes the door was opened by a woman with hair dyed a metallic black, extravagantly rouged cheekbones, and eyes as unwinking as a bird of prey's. She was too traditional, Nesta thought: this was what she had expected.

They looked at each other for the fraction of a second with equal distaste. The slate-grey eyes of the woman holding the door slid over Nesta's smartly clad figure. It was difficult to say which emotion was the stronger behind those eyes—hostility or suspicion. Then the face shut down.

"Yes?"

Nesta began to speak quickly, stammering a bit. Clothes—some clothes that had been left here by someone who had stayed here. She'd been asked to collect them and would take them straight away if there weren't too many. Could she come in, please, and get them? It wouldn't take a minute. She'd pack them herself. She hoped it wasn't too early—quite convenient, and so on.

There wasn't a thing in the game that this woman standing in the doorway didn't know. Nesta's embarrassment gave her the whip hand from the start. And she took it by not saying one word while her visitor was speaking, but just letting her eyes rest on the frock, the hat, the bag, the shoes, the hair. Up and down, up and down, her malign glance roved. She could have told to a penny what everything was worth.

She said, when Nesta stopped speaking: "What about the board and lodging he owes me?"

"The board and lodging? Oh . . . why, of course. He asked me to pay that . . . . er . . . how much does he owe you?"

The leaden-fleshed hand with the greasy diamond rings drummed on the door lintel for a moment. Then she said firmly: "My best room, he had—at the top. You can see the ships come in from there. It's a wonderful view. I can let the room over and over. Yanks'll pay me any price for it."

"Really? Yes, I expect so."

"And then, of course, he had breakfast, and dinner some nights . . . and drinks. The best of everything, he had."

"Oh, did he? How much is it, then?" Nesta opened her bag.

It was a couple of pounds more right from the moment the slatey eyes saw the inside of that bag—the white moire silk and luxury gadgets. "Well," she said, "nine pound he owes me."

"Nine pounds." Nesta accepted the hold-up without a flicker. She took out her notecase and opened it.

The woman looked down at it. She could estimate a roll quicker than Nesta could count it. There was more than nine pounds there all right!

She said quickly: "And then, of course ,there was laundry and light and extras."

Nesta didn't try to conceal the notes. She knew her opponent was going to get all she'd brought. Better let her see how much—or how little—it was before she stepped inside this sinister house. She let the pound notes flip through her fingers. "Well?" she asked.

"Well, say—say twelve. I haven't made out his bill yet, but it's every bit of that, every penny. Then you can get his things and I'll give you a receipt."

Nesta handed over the money and the door opened wide.

The narrow passage, with its closed doors, was dark and sickly with the reek of cheap scent and stale smoke and frying. The carpet had a smooth greasiness under Nesta's feet, and, blind with the glare from outside, she blundered into the hat-stand and the pedestal with a dusty palm, its earth studded with dead matches and cigarette-butts.

She followed the woman upstairs. The smells seemed to rise with them, getting rather worse. Up there, too, the doors were shut, but behind one of them a man and a woman were quarrelling in a perfunctory sort of way, and from somewhere a ukulele sounded, a meaningless strumming.

STOPPING at length in the narrow hallway, the woman said, "Here we are. The things are in there. You'll find the suitcase under the bed."

Nesta paused too soon. There was a door ajar. She pushed it open and went to enter.

The woman took her arm and pulled her sharply out, closing the door in her face.

But Nesta had seen inside and wondered why the other clearly hadn't wanted her to.

Because the room was empty, just a dingy half sitting-room, half bedroom apparently, with a red carpet, a round table covered with a stained red cloth, more dusty palms, two tapestry-covered divan beds, white net curtains—coffee-colored where they sucked in and out the half foot of open window—and on the walls a couple of pictures of desert sunsets and a colored Chinese calendar, an advertisement for tea . . .

Nothing else at all—at least, nothing that Nesta noticed at that moment. But there was something else; and later, when the right stimulus arrived, she would remember it.

At the moment, her mind was on totally different matters as she packed hurriedly, slipping at length rather furtively from the house, the suitcase clutched in her hand.

. . . . . .

Any unusual happening is a good occasion for a little drink. And when the happening is murder and the morning an especially hot and thirsty one, and the people involved two American soldiers on leave and a Dutchman from Java—well, Grogan wasn't surprised to find the three of them having a second breakfast on a bottle of gin in Hansen's flat when he went in there.

Glass in hand, Hansen opened the door to him.

"I'd like a few words with you if you don't mind, Major," Grogan said easily—so easily that it never struck anyone to wonder what would happen if they did mind.

Hansen stood aside. "Sure, sure, come in, Inspector. Come right in. Have a drink."

Grogan followed him into the sitting-room. "Not just at the moment, thanks, I won't."

Driscoll was lounging in a big chair, his legs thrown over the arm. He looked up in a dead-fish fashion at Grogan.

Van Anders, sitting at the table, nodded cheerfully.

Grogan said: "It's about last night," and sat down opposite the Dutchman.

Hansen reached for his cigarette case. "Last night . . . Haven't found out yet who the murdered guy is, have you?"

"No, not yet, we haven't. But I don't anticipate much hold-up there. But to settle one small point, Major, Mrs. Ingle-Jones tells me that when she came in at ten o'clock last night she met you down below."

Hansen didn't hesitate for more than a second. "Yeah, that's so," he said smoothly.

Grogan was smooth, too. "That's a little different to what you told me, isn't it?"

"It is . . . yes, it is. And I'll tell you why I said different. You see, Inspector, it would have been quite a little embarrassing for me to have told the truth before Vida—I mean, before my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ingle-Jones. I was going to tell you later, of course. Everyone else knew the facts, so I couldn't have been trying to put it across you, could I?"

He laughed shortly. "I'm one of those truthful guys that never tell a lie I can't keep on its legs."

"Not a bad rule to stick to in a murder inquiry. If everyone stuck to that rule we'd get through and have the right man hanged in half the time. But to come back to the point, Major—why you didn't say you were here during last evening."

Hansen reached for Van Anders' matches, lighted his cigarette, and flicked the match in a neat arc into an ashtray, his ice-blue eyes following it, pleased with his own mastery over nerves and muscles.

He said: "You see, Inspector, the Ingle-Jones' have been very kind to me, shown me a lot of hospitality. And yesterday morning Mrs. Ingle-Jones invited me to make a fourth at the theatre last night, and I accepted. But last evening, when it got to be around seven o'clock, I—I—well, you know how it is?—I felt kind of tired, having a little drink with my friends here and the two girls, Mrs. Fry and Mrs. Cowle. So I called up Mrs. Ingle-Jones, said I was at American Headquarters—giving an important interview—wouldn't be able to get along to the show. You know how it is," he said again.

Grogan nodded. "Yes, I know. Bad luck she left the show early and met you like that."

"Wasn't it? But that's the way things happen."

"You were going out and she was coming in?"

"That's so."

"And what about that cut lip of yours that you'd just got in a mix-up with a tramp?"

Hansen swore. "What's she at? Spilling a thing like that, as though there was some sort of tie-up with that and—and this murder. It's a lie, anyhow."

"Then why did you say it last night?"

"Why do you tell a woman anything when you want to shut her up and get rid of her? I said the first thing that came into my head. Like this morning, when Pete here asked me the same question. I said it was frostbite." He pulled at his tie, throwing up his chin in exasperation.

Grogan said dryly: "What about the truth for a change, Major?"

Please turn to page 30

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — FOR THE CHILDREN — by TIM

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The Gardenia Case

Continued from page 28

FOR a minute there was a silence in the room—in the room, but outside some more cicadas joined in an already loud chorus, swelling it to a maddening din.

Above it, Hansen said: "The truth? All right, you can have it. It won't do me any harm." But he'd lost his equilibrium. Suddenly he burst out irritably: "Say, I can't talk above that racket. Can't someone shut that window!"

Driscoll got up and shut it.

Hansen said: "The fact is, Driscoll gave me this cut. He hit me."

Driscoll turned sharply. "What?" he said. "What?"

Grogan gave a laugh. "Try again, Major."

"It's a fact, I tell you. I guess he doesn't remember because he'd passed out. It was a kind of lucid interval between two black-outs."

The inspector turned to the other. "Any recollection of this, Captain Driscoll?"

Driscoll said quickly: "Whether I have or haven't doesn't mean a thing. If Gene says I did it, I did. I know I'd been drinking pretty solidly, and maybe I got sort of quarrelsome, the way I sometimes do."

Hansen nodded. "That's so. And Pete hits harder than he knows when he's drunk. When he's sober he's all for book reading and symphony concerts."

Grogan looked across at the Dutchman. "When you left here last night, Mr. Van Anders, would you say that Captain Driscoll was drunk to the point of insensibility?"

Van Anders pursed his lips judicially. "We[illegible]el, the drink had gone a little in his head. I would say he could easily fight and this morning forget it. It is, I think, a question for medical research what actions a man can perform who has drunk."

"I dare say you're right." Grogan turned to Hansen again. "What was the fight about?"

"It wasn't a fight," Hansen said uneasily. "It was all a kind of mistake."

"A mistake?"

"Yes. Last night when the girls left, at half-past-eight, Mrs. Cowie went off to the pictures—like she told you—and Mrs. Fry and I—well, we got into her car and went for a blow down to Watson's Bay."

He hurried on without looking at Driscoll. "She hadn't got much gas, so we didn't go far. We just came back and parked down below here by the foreshore. We sat there talking in the car—you know how it is?—and round about ten I came back up here to get a little drink for us both. When I got in Pete was alone. He was lying in that chair there right out to it. I thought, but he suddenly stood up and said, 'You heel!' and bopped me one. Then he passed out again. He must have guessed Mrs. Fry and I were together." Hastily, he added: "He couldn't know, of course, we were only talking about a little matter of business she wanted to discuss with me."

"What business was that?"

"Well, I'd rather not say. It's her affair. Anyhow, when Pete folded up again I just put a cushion under his head and went back to the car. I went down with the bottle and had the bad luck to run into Mrs. Ingle-Jones. That's the whole story, that's all there is to it."

"Only that your friend can't corroborate it."

Driscoll had gone a kind of greyish color. "I guess you can believe it, Inspector," he said bitterly. "Yes, you can believe that. Gene was down in the car making love to Mrs. Fry, his best friend's fiancee. That doesn't strain my imagination the least little thing."

"Now look, Pete, look boy—"

But Driscoll brushed him aside and went out of the room.

Grogan left too, and went back to the Ingle-Jones' flat. He said to one of the fingerprint men still working about the hall: "I want you to print the catches of the landing window, Ernie," and walked through to the sitting-room.

It was empty, airless and still. The morning had promised a bit of a breeze, but the sky had clouded, shutting it out. He stepped through the long window out on to the balcony.

The sitting-room of each of the front flats had a balcony, just a small affair with a breast-high iron balustrade and a sloping striped awning—a balcony that was more of an architectural adornment than a place to sit or lounge. In the damp forcing warmth brilliant lobelias and pink geraniums spread out of boxes and trailed their color over floor and railing.

"Now, once again from 'Munchy, Crunchy for your Lunchy,' and make it sound convincing this time!"

Grogan sat down, staring ahead of him.

Though focused on the case in hand, he wasn't extending himself; just letting his mind wander over it, idly almost, as he always did in the beginning. He found that it was best at first to take in evidence automatically, like a dictaphone, where things were recorded without being analysed. If you started off with prejudices and preconceived notions of what was likely and what wasn't you were apt to stick up part of your mind like a barrier between you and the truth.

In a murder case you often found that the phony-sounding thing was the true thing. For instance—

That big Yank, now, not hitting back when someone split his lip. Or nobody up here having seen those gardenia flowers before. Or Ingle-Jones and Sisley sitting all through a hot evening with that door shut because chess made 'em forget to sweat. Still.

Presently, through the stream of his thinking, a voice pushed its way.

Somebody was speaking near at hand . . . in the next flat. Mrs. Fry's flat. It was her voice—clear but not shrill, and sounding as though it was just too bad that everything couldn't go the way she wanted it.

He couldn't catch the words. She was doing all the talking—so far as he could hear. The person she was talking to didn't seem to have much to say. He couldn't even tell whether it was a man or a woman.

Suddenly one sentence detached itself from the rest and came out to Grogan quite clearly. She said, on a rising note of anger: "No, no, no! I tell you you'll have to give yourself up!"

He stepped over to the nearest point and leant over the balustrade, listening for the answering voice. But no further sound came. There was a silence after she'd finished speaking, as though she'd fired a parting shot to which there wasn't any answer and left the room. She would have the last word!

GROGAN stepped back through the window and out on to the landing.

He knocked at Cynthia's door.

After a minute it was opened by Amah. She looked at him blankly when he asked for Cynthia.

"Mem not at home," she said.

He walked past her—through the hall to the sitting-room and over to the telephone on the table near the window. He picked up the receiver, held the mouthpiece to the light and ran his finger round it. But it hadn't been used in the last few minutes, anyway.

He looked inside the bedrooms—Cynthia's, Amah's, and the boy's—the kitchen and the bathroom. The doors of all the rooms stood open. Searching the flat, eh? he said to himself; without a warrant. Well, Madame Chrysanthemum wouldn't know the law on that point.

But Cynthia wasn't there, or anyone else, and he remembered that a he'd come out of the next door flat the lift had been just disappearing. While he'd stood on the balcony for that moment, waiting for the answer to her outburst, she'd flounced straight out, got into the lift and gone down.

And it looked as though the person she'd been talking to had gone with her. Or anyway, whoever it was had had time to get back into any of the other five flats.

The boy was sitting playing with blocks on the floor of the sitting-room. Grogan stepped in there. He said to Amah: "Mrs. Fry just gone out, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who was in here talking to her a minute ago?"

Amah smiled. "Baby. Me."

"No, no, somebody else was in here talking to her, wasn't there?"

Amah shook her head and smiled again, an ancient smile, like someone humoring a child, and a misguided boring child, at that.

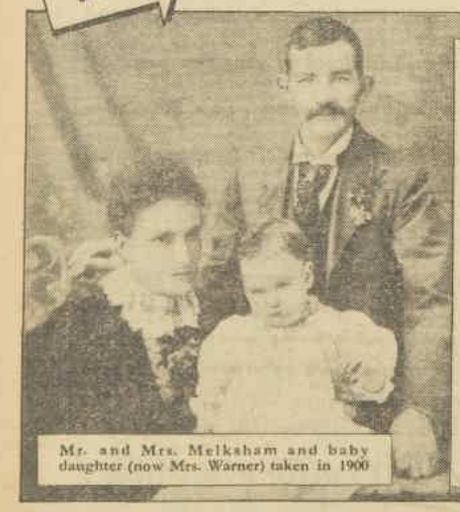
He turned his back on her, disgustedly.

Please turn to page 31

HOW'S THIS?

46-YEAR-OLD "Honeymoon Blankets" STILL GOOD, THANKS TO VELVET SOAP!

says Aunt Jenny



Mr. and Mrs. Melksham and baby daughter (now Mrs. Warner) taken in 1900

Mrs. R. Melksham Senr, 104 Creek Rd., Maryborough, Qld., has a wonderfully interesting real life Velvet story. Here it is.

1. "IT WAS IN THE YEAR 1900 I was out walking with baby when I met a woman with samples of Velvet Soap," *writes Mrs. Melksham, Senr.* "She asked me if I would give it a trial and then get some from my grocer. I promised and did so. And so it was in that year, 1900, I started doing my blanket washing with Velvet Soap!" Here's proof indeed, ladies, of Velvet's extra-thorough, extra-gentle washing!

2. "MY 46-YEAR-OLD BLANKETS are still in use," *continues Mrs. Melksham,* "I have one on my bed and I gave the other to my married daughter (Mrs Warner). She calls them my 'honeymoon blankets.' Yes I can tell you I've always made sure of having a supply of Velvet Soap to wash them with . . . that's what's kept them so good!"

3. "I REALLY COULD TELL YOU A LOT about Velvet," *confides Mrs. Melksham,* "I had six children and their woollies and little smocked dresses always kept their softness and brightness thanks to Velvet Soap"

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The Gardenia Case

Continued from page 30

MILES looked up from his blocks as Grogan stopped in front of him, and greeted him jauntily: "Hullo, sonny, what's your name?"

There wasn't any answer for a moment. Then Amah whispered in the boy's ear, reminding him of his manners, and he stood up and held out his hand graciously, minor-royalty fashion.

Grogan squatted down beside the elaborate construction of tunnels and walls. "My word, that's a fine building you've got there. What's that meant to be?"

"An airwaid shelter," Miles breathed.

"An airwaid shelter? Well, now, that's clever. Who built it for you?"

"Benny," Miles said.

Grogan pushed another block into place. "Benny, eh? Who's Benny?"

Miles' translucent eyes looked into his. He groped for speech, every inch of him, his hands opening and shutting, his small straight toes gripping the carpet.

Grogan gave a laugh. Miles flinched, sensing ridicule. "Well, come on, old son, let's hear it. Who's Benny?"

"Benny," Miles repeated; and then: "Benny—Benny Kime." He returned to his blocks, dismissing the subject.

Inspector Grogan stood up. Someone had been playing with the kid recently. Sounded like a foreign name. Who was Benny Kime? Or maybe this elaborate building of blocks had been standing for days. Didn't have to be "Benny" who'd been told to give himself up.

When he came out of his trance Amah slid ahead of him into the hall and held the door open, bowing as he passed her. Chinese-fashion from the waist.

Manning was on the landing. He was looking glumly pleased. His enemy, the bourgeoisie, was running true to form—too much money, too much leisure, low moral standards in luxury and idleness.

Ernie the fingerprint man was jabbing at the lift button. He said to Grogan: "Those window catches," and jerked his head at the landing window with its six inches of broken cord hanging down at the top.

"Yes?"

"Nothing on 'em. No prints at all. Been cleaned off." He slammed the lift door and went down.

"Like I thought," Grogan said to Manning. "They tried to tip the corpse out that window but couldn't manage it and put him in the box instead. Then they got panicky and started to clean off everything they'd touched on the landing."

Manning brooded. "Wonder who took out the stick that was propping it up? Wonder where it is now."

They went down to Trenerry's office.

Trenerry was seated at his desk, having his lunch off a piece of typing paper—two sausage rolls and a couple of pears. The small office was orderly. On the desk everything was in meticulous order; papers neatly folded and classified with enough alphabetical pigeon-holing to run the Bank of England. The pen-tray held a variety of pens and pencils—red, blue, and green—and rubber stamps and office gadgets. Trenerry worshipped the ritual of business with all the worship of the non-successful.

His sense of failure was expressed in his habit of keeping every scrap of useless paper that had to do with Chetwynd Court, suspicious that if he threw away a line of writing someone would try to cheat him.

These days, however, there was only one drawer in the desk that ran smoothly, the drawer that held all the facts about beekeeping — brochures and price-lists and sheets of paper covered with neat columns of figures of estimated costs and profit and loss. For Trenerry was getting ready to embark on a new venture, a new career where fortune—maybe—awaited him.

As Grogan and Manning came in to the office he rolled up the pastry crumbs, dropped them into the wastepaper basket and lighted a cigarette.

"About this stick, Mr. Trenerry," Grogan began. "The one that was propping up the landing window."

Trenerry took a minute to answer. But that mightn't mean anything, because he was always on the defensive, more or less. Then he pointed a long bony forefinger to the corner. "There it is."

"That's it, is it? How'd it get down here again?"

"I brought it down."

Grogan moved over to it, and Trenerry followed, like a dog guarding his cache of a bone.

The stick was made of some dark wood, burnished and smoothed to the color and surface of ebony. It was fairly slender at the end but the top was carved in the form of a hand, a fist closed over a stone, the black knuckles sticking out sharply.

Grogan took it up. He said: "Nice bit of carving, isn't it, sergeant?"

Manning's melancholy eyes bulged at it. "My word!"

"Native work," Trenerry said. "Carved for me by an old abo. I was book-keeper for a time up north-west on a cattle station. The blacks there weren't too bad. If you knew how to take them," he added in a superior tone, clearly implying that he was the only one who did. "They don't usually turn out such a finished piece of work as that—not the real outback natives."

"Quite a little curiosity, eh?"

"Yes. That Yank thought so. He wanted to buy it."

"Oh? Which one?"

"Hansen. He saw it when I was propping up the window yesterday morning—spotted it at once."

"And you weren't selling it?"

Trenerry said haughtily: "Certainly not. They think they can buy anything, these Americans. And they can, mostly. Everything's gone up a hundred per cent. since they came here. Disgusting the way people skin them!" Here was a two-way chance for self-righteousness.

Grogan asked: "Was that why you brought it down—because you thought he might souvenir it?"

"Hardly! I went up and got it because of the way that woman—Mrs. Ingle-Jones—talked. I thought if she didn't like the makeshift look of the stick she could do without air. I can't force the tradesmen to come when I send for them."

"She riled you, did she?"

"Yes, I was extremely annoyed. She was very offensive, as a matter of fact."

Holding the stick at the base, Grogan balanced it like a weapon.

Trenerry watched him with his expressionless eyes. He said: "You don't mean to say, do you, that you think this might be the thing that killed him?"

"I wouldn't like to say that yet. What time last night did you bring it down?"

Trenerry said slowly: "Shortly after half-past ten, I would say."

"You took it out of the window, did you?"

He answered this one promptly: "No, I didn't. It wasn't in the window when I went up. Someone had taken it out already and let the window down. The stick was standing in the corner nearby."

"Seems a bit odd."

"Odd?"

"Yes. You admit you were all hot under the collar the way Mrs. Ingle-Jones spoke to you, and you took the stick out to get back on her. Yet you wait from half-past seven till half-past ten to do it. How's that?"

Trenerry looked down his nose. "I've learnt," he said, "that in life it's unwise to act on impulse."

"But that's what you seem to have done, isn't it? A bit of spite. I shouldn't have thought the impulse would've lasted that long."

"Well, it did," Trenerry snapped.

"Okay. I see. H'm. Well, I'll take this stick along to Headquarters and let one of the boys take a look at it with a good glass."

He carried it out to the police car. Then he and Manning went round the side of the building to the garden which the back flats overlooked.

It lay there between high walls like a reminder of the past, the modern buildings closing it in. It was a garden mostly of evergreens—glossy-leaved acanthus and giant aloes, plumbago blooming whitely-blue, like a washed-out summer sky, and wistaria pushing its way everywhere.

It was very quiet here this morning. The sun hadn't touched it yet, and it had an out-of-the-world atmosphere that made the two big men in their dark clothes look vulgar and clumsy. The garden seemed to be standing aside aloofly, scornful of them and what they had come to do.

Manning said, looking round, "Waste of space. Take a nice block of flats here. Good situation," and Grogan grunted agreement.

At the top of the clay bank stood a gardenia bush. Once its flowers could have been picked from the terrace on which the next block of flats stood. Now the dark green bush was marooned, with the bank below and the white blank wall above.

GROGAN and Manning stood in the tangled grass and looked up at it. It had bloomed freely recently, the brown remains of many flowers still clung to the branches, and there were still one or two white flowers, opening that morning in all their perfection.

Grogan said, "Why shouldn't those two flowers that were in with the body have come from this bush?"

Manning slapped at a mosquito on his neck. "Need to be a commando to get up there."

"That's right." Grogan went closer to the bank. "Someone has been up there, though." He was examining footmarks, not clearly defined footmarks because the bank was dry and pebbly, but recently—here and there—bits of clay had broken away, and in one place a foot had left its imprint.

Manning said, "Small foot. A woman's, I'd say, in a sports shoe."

Grogan didn't answer. He just stood measuring the print with his eye. Then he went back to Trenerry's office.

"Who picked the flowers off the gardenia bush out there?" he shot at Trenerry.

"What? I didn't know they had been picked."

"Someone's been up there and picked 'em lately."

Trenerry's eye didn't waver. "Might have been one of the kids round about."

"What kids?"

"Some of the kids that live in the back street. They're not allowed in there, but you can't always stop them."

"Okay."

Grogan turned away — leaving Trenerry standing there with that look on his face that suggested he was the only competent person in a world of fools.

To be continued

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Alcibiades, How Could You?

Continued from page 7

JIM eyed Danny suspiciously. "How did he get it?"

"He snatched it and drank it when I wasn't looking," lied Danny.

Jim laughed. "Do you think he's too hanged up to go out to-night?"

Danny started to reply when suddenly an idea hit him. It wasn't much of an idea, he realised, but still it might have possibilities. He smiled.

"On the contrary, I think he'll be just properly primed to give a great performance. Is it true that he can roller-skate?"

"Like a breeze," said Jim.

"Where are his skates?"

Jim regarded Danny quizzically. "In his cage over the garage."

"Look," said Danny. "I'm going to run along now, but I'll be back to go to the rally with you to-night."

"No rough stuff," admonished Jim.

Danny looked hurt. "You wrong me . . . Don't forget to boost my stock."

Jim decided that there was nothing that he'd rather do, but he wondered just how to go about it. He was still wondering when Sylvia came downstairs. She looked quickly round for Danny, and felt suddenly let down at not finding him there.

"Where's Danny?"

Jim looked up. "He's gone out to buy you a diamond ring."

"Well, I shan't accept it."

"He said he was afraid you wouldn't, so he's going to have it engraved 'To my only love,' and then he can use it on anybody."

"Humph," said Sylvia, and stalked into the kitchen.

When Danny arrived at Sylvia's home that evening, he had a package under his arm. The first thing he did was to go to the top of the garage and get Alcibiades' skates. He put these and his package in the back of the car, and then went into the house. Jim was sitting on the couch. The bear was asleep on the floor with a benign smirk on his face.

"If you'll just be careful," Jim suggested, "we may yet get Sylvia back on our side."

Just then, Sylvia came downstairs looking like white snow by a mountain stream.

"Hello, you corrupter of dumb animals," she smiled.

Alcibiades sighed and rolled over on his back with all four feet hanging limply from his upturned legs.

"Well," said Jim, "shall we wake up the body and get going?"

Alcibiades was in rare good humour as they dressed him in a short yellow jacket and tight trousers and put his collar and chain around his neck. Danny surveyed him critically. "Where did he get the outfit?"

"He wore it for years in shows," said Jim.

Alcibiades and Danny were comfortably installed in the back seat of the car, and with Sylvia and her father in the front they started for the meeting. The bear sighed happily and gave Danny a big kiss.

The rally was taking place in the assembly hall of the local high school. Sylvia and Bill got out at the front entrance, and Danny drove the car around to an obscure door in the rear, where he got out with Alcibiades, his package and the skates.

Danny and the bear went into the Science class-room. Alcibiades cleaned a couple of pieces of chalk from the floor and ate them with obvious satisfaction. Danny opened his package, and Alcibiades dropped a small bit of chalk as his mouth gaped in awe, and tried to do a tap dance.

Danny looked at Alcibiades, who made a pass at the package.

"No," said Danny, as he put it out of reach and put the roller-skates on the bear. Alcibiades was enthralled. He hadn't skated for months. He took a quick spin around to see if he'd lost any of his technique. The skates had rubber wheels and made very little noise. Alcibiades came sailing down the room, tried a spread-eagle in front of Danny, and wound up flat on his back. Danny opened the bottle from the package.

"Don't you pay any attention to what they say," he consoled the bear. "I think you're wonderful."

Alcibiades sat up and licked his lips. Danny handed him the bottle.

"To-morrow you may have a headache, but it's in the cause of true love."

Alcibiades suited his actions to the need of the moment.

Danny patted Alcibiades affectionately on the head, and went out, locking the door.

He wandered about for a while, until he spotted Sylvia and Jim. Sylvia was hanging on the arm of a too-good-looking character with black hair, wearing a blue suit.

"Yon torpedo," thought Danny, "is probably his local majesty's loyal opposition." He walked up to the group.

"Where's the bear?" said Jim.

"He's in the Science room doing his homework."

"Alone?" asked Sylvia.

"Well, there's three jars of pickled frogs and a stuffed owl."

"I'd better go and hold his hand," said Jim.

Danny tossed him the key. "I'll join you in a minute."

Jim started off. Sylvia introduced Danny and Richard.

"I've got to see Mrs. Williams for a moment," said Sylvia. "Tell Danny about your idea for post-war slum clearance, Dickie." And Sylvia left.

"Tell Danny about your idea for postwar slum clearance, Dickie," said Danny.

Favorell looked at him for a moment. "That Sylvia's a wonderful girl."

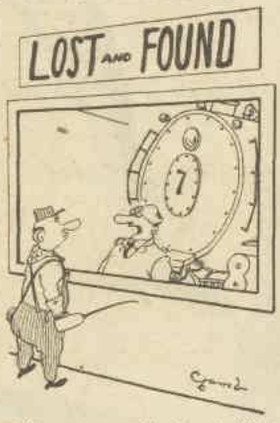
"Yes," said Danny.

Favorell tried again. "Her father's a fine man."

Danny looked properly pained. "The man's insane."

"That's ridiculous!" said Dickie.

"Ridiculous or not, it's true



"Can you accurately describe it?"

There's been an insane streak in the family for hundreds of years. For instance, Sylvia's father is a psychopathic with homicidal tendencies. You don't think that Sylvia really went to see a Mrs. Williams, do you? She went to keep an eye on her father."

"Why, that's horrible," said Favorell, thinking of his career.

"Well," said Danny, "they're keeping it dark until they get Sylvia married off. I'm telling you this because I think that you ought to be warned. Don't breathe a word."

"I won't," said Dickie.

"When do you make your speech?" said Danny.

"In about ten minutes."

"I shall await it," said Danny, "with bated breath." He went back to Biology IV. When he opened the door he saw Alcibiades skating up and down the aisles, with Jim in hot pursuit.

They cornered Alcibiades down by the blackboard, and Danny got hold of the chain. He grinned at Jim.

"Just have faith in me," he said. "It's for the happiness of the home and the future race. Now wait about twenty minutes, until Cicero is well launched on his oration, and then we strike!"

They spent the twenty minutes discouraging Alcibiades from leaping into the air and cracking both skates together. When Danny felt they'd waited long enough, they wheeled the bear down a short corridor to the back of the stage.

"Supposing," inquired Jim, as they pushed the bear up the few steps leading to the stage, "he bites somebody?"

"You go to gaol," said Danny matter-of-factly.

As they got Alcibiades on the stage and concealed behind a curtain, Danny could hear Favorell rolling along nicely.

". . . Every man who aspires to public office must realise that he is but a tool to implement the will of the people he represents."

Danny undid the chain, and Alcibiades skated out on to the stage behind Favorell.

The speech droned on.

". . . Behind every man there is something bigger and more important than himself." Alcibiades tried a figure eight. He felt pretty good. He felt that he could do anything he wanted to. The audience gasped. Favorell was surprised. He thought that he was making a pretty good point, but he had no idea that the audience would be so responsive.

". . . It is the duty of a public servant to be conscious at all times of what is behind him."

Alcibiades really had his heart in his work. His forepaws were folded behind his back, his head was down, and he was trying to execute some manoeuvre that heretofore had given him considerable difficulty, but one which he was executing now with ease. The audience was howling with laughter. Favorell was panicky.

What had he said that was funny? He tried to go on, but it was impossible.

Sylvia ran out on to the stage to try to stop the bear. Alcibiades, who had built up almost more speed than he could handle, came shooting downstage and gave Favorell a juicy kiss as he shot past. Dickie promptly lost his temper, swung at the bear, and hit Sylvia on the chin.

Danny started out on to the stage, but Jim held him back.

"Don't be a fool. Sylvia isn't hurt, and this thing may work out beautifully if you'll just stay out of sight."

Alcibiades was seething. He liked Sylvia, and didn't propose to stand idly by while two-penny politicians threw punches at her. He skated past Favorell, got off balance, threw his punch, missed, and wound up flat on his back.

He tried to stand up. But it was no good. Every time he'd get halfway up, the skates would fly out from under him . . .

Sylvia stood up. "Don't you think you're a little too impetuous?"

Right here, Favorell made a serious tactical blunder. He should have explained the punch to Sylvia, but he was too far gone for reason.

"What's the idea of ruining my speech with that animal of yours?"

"I had nothing to do with the bear," Sylvia said tensely.

"Of course you did! You and that crazy father of yours."

"What do you mean — 'crazy father'?" snapped Sylvia.

"There's been an insane streak in your family for hundreds of years. The whole thing's obvious. You're tainted, yourself."

This got him a slap in the face from Sylvia, who marched indignantly offstage to the enthusiastic applause of the audience.

Jim chuckled maliciously. "Politically, our demented friend is just about as extinct as the Outer Mongolian glug-glug bird."

Favorell walked over and kicked Alcibiades, who was still trying to get to his feet. Danny charged out on to the stage. Alcibiades stood up. The three of them swung together. Danny felt a blinding flash explode inside his head.

Favorell had hit him on the jaw, and Alcibiades, whose aim was far from accurate and who had developed double vision, had hit him on the back of the head.

Danny came to, back in the Science room. His head was in Sylvia's lap, and she was stroking his cheek. He opened his eyes. Jim and Alcibiades were gazing at him morosely.

"How do you feel?" said Sylvia.

Danny sighed. "I never felt better in my life . . . Is it true that there's insanity in your family?"

"Not yet," said Sylvia, "but there will be soon."

"What do you mean?"

"To-morrow we're getting married."

Danny closed his eyes happily. Alcibiades leaned over and gave him a kiss.

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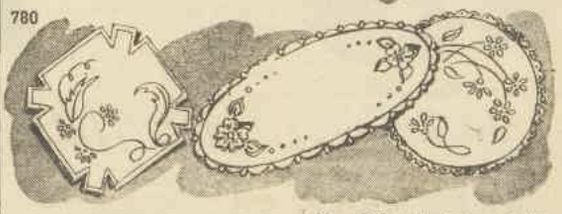

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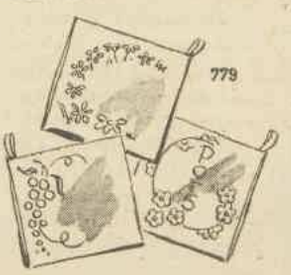

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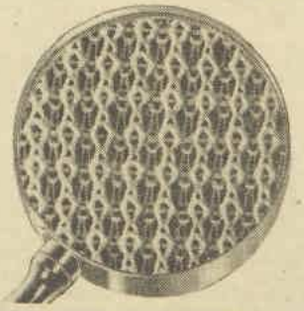

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and the pig said "NOT GUILTY"

By . . .
JOAN POWE

NOWADAYS when grasshoppers or other insects invade our crops, we think nothing of carrying out a wholesale massacre with DDT.

It would never enter our heads to inquire of the grasshoppers what their motives were in eating our harvest, or to appeal to their sense of honor and fair play.

During the Middle Ages, however, things were different, and treatment of the lesser creature was marked by a courtesy and considerateness which can only leave us marvelling.

Pigs, bulls, or other domestic animals which ran riot and caused damage were never thrown into pound or taken on a joy-ride to the abattoirs. Nor were insects immediately wiped out if found regaling themselves on the peasants' crops.

Instead they were taken to Court, given a lawyer to defend them, and enjoyed the full privileges of justice and a fair trial before the question of any punitive measures was considered.

According to the Encyclopaedia Britannica, this quaint custom of trying animals and insects by law grew out of the popular belief that they were endowed with intelligence, and consequently morally responsible for their actions. This belief persisted in Europe until recent times, and is still carried on by certain native tribes.

Procedure against animals was settled in both ecclesiastical and civil Courts, the Encyclopaedia states, and sentences were sometimes commuted on the ground of youth or a good reputation.

One of the strangest stories about animals on trial concerns a talking pig.

An early chronicler swears for the truth of this report about a young pig on trial for a certain undesirable habit of eating everything which came its way.

The trial was just beginning, and the magistrate inquired of the defending lawyer how his client intended to plead.

"Whereupon," reports the writer, "the pig put its forefeet on the rails of the dock, lifted its head, and shrilled 'Not guilty, si-i-i-r.' in a wondrous clear voice to the fright and amazement of all present."

Was acquitted

WHETHER the pig spoke the truth or not was never established, for it was not known to speak another word. But its brief burst of eloquence was sufficient to gain an honorable acquittal from the Court, and no doubt it lived to a ripe old age.

Mr. William Jones, a student of past customs, states in his book "Credulities Past and Present" (1880), that in France alone there were records of 92 such Court actions against goats, mules, dogs, caterpillars, and a host of other creatures during the Middle Ages.

From reports that have come down to us concerning these trials, the ancients got themselves into legal tangles that would have proved too much even for the wisdom of Solomon.

Let's look at a case recorded by a French writer concerning the trial of certain beetles which had ravaged the vineyards of the peasants at St. Julien de Maurienne in the sixteenth century.

According to accepted procedure, the townsfolk cited the beetles as defendants, and called them to show good cause why they should not be ordered from the district.

Lawyers were briefed, one for the townspeople and one to defend the beetles, and the case was well under way when suddenly the beetles disappeared.

The suit was abandoned, but resumed 42 years later when the unrepentant beetles returned and once again regaled themselves on the peasants' vineyards.

TALKING PIG. In accordance with medieval customs this pig is on trial. He surprises the Court by pleading "Not Guilty."

After much legal discussion, peppered with "de jure," "ultra vires," and the like, the magistrate ruled in 1587 that the townspeople should give the beetles a piece of land for themselves, outside the vineyards, and of a certain size.

A dozen of so of the beetles were brought into court to hear the magistrate's order that they should respect the townspeople's vineyards, under certain penalties.

But the lawyer for the beetles was determined to earn his fee. He told the Court that, on behalf of his clients, he could not accept the offer, as the land in question was barren and unappealing to the beetles, who were evidently a little choosy.

The townspeople vigorously denied this, and the case dragged on, but the manuscript unfortunately leaves off without giving any indication of which side won.

From what we can gather, however, the law was usually kindly disposed towards the insects which came under its jurisdiction.

A thirteenth century French writer reports that when certain flies and gnats were taken to Court at Constance undefended, the magistrate, "taking into consideration their youth and diminutive size," appointed the town's best advocate to defend them.

As a result of his skill, they were ordered to be given a piece of land to themselves, where their descendants probably flourish to this day.

A curious feature of the trials of domestic animals was the custom of dressing them in men's clothing, and placing them in the same dock where human offenders were wont to stand.

Jones' book contains a delightful engraving from the 14th century of a sow, complete in frock and bonnet, surveying the court in a bewildered fashion from the dock while lawyers wrangled over her case.

The system apparently had something to recommend it, for among the insects, in particular, there are indications of a surprising respect for the rulings of the Court.

The industrious ant, always held to have the clearest conception of the rules of society, proved most amenable to Court decisions.

In Brazil in 1713 a summons was issued against the inhabitants of a nearby anthill by the monks of the monastery of St. Anthony, who objected to their grain being stolen.

The ants were called on to state their motives for robbing the friars and attempting to ruin the convent, and, their silence being taken as an acknowledgment of guilt, were ordered to leave the district.

The friar with the most powerful lungs was despatched to the ants to read the order at the entrance to the anthill.

He concluded the proclamation, whereupon, according to a writer of the times, "immediately millions of ants came out, and, forming themselves into dense columns, proceeded to march away, abandoning their former dwellings."

But it is also recorded that some insects showed a perverse delight in flouting the law.

Instead of leaving the district or withering off the face of the earth, the wretched creatures increased and multiplied to an amazing degree.

The ancients did not consider this any slur on the mechanism of their law courts, however. It was attributed to the malevolence of Satan, who was influencing the insects against right and justice.

Voyage Of Discovery

Continued from page 9

FORTUNATELY she knew her lines and could pick up her cues quickly.

"Of course it's no bother, Tom."

"If it is, just phone or write. Three years is a long time. And I'm shocking at letters. So if you could . . . call me to mind a bit. I'm due to go home anytime, you see, so if you pave the way, so to speak . . . I know——"

"I'll take her your love, Tom," said Eleanor quietly. "Good-bye."

Even then, there was time to change it, to make this a love scene. Tom had her hand in his.

But some sort of pride made her finish this scene in character. She would play it, and play it well—the sort of nice, gentle, friendly girl men talked to about their love-lives.

Now the train was slowing down. The porter was shouting "Ashridge!" She stepped from the train as if she were walking on to a stage.

This was like any other part that she might have to play. She already knew what she would say to Valerie.

"Yes, we met after a show . . . we spent a day in Cairo together. Oh, only a day—I was due for home, you see. Yes, I saw the Sphinx."

Everything that she said would be true. But the way she said it, the way she looked would put doubt into Valerie's mind.

After that? Well, all was fair in love and war and the best woman would win, and so on. She could do it on her head.

She walked on, and at last came to an old house marked Kingslake Studios.

Then suddenly she stopped. Deep within her the conscience that she had tried to smother was stirring.

You can't do it—you know you can't, conscience said. If you didn't love Tom so much then it would be easy. As it is——

And before she knew what she was doing she had turned to walk back to the station.

The girl who came out of the cloakroom later was just an ordinary figure in a worn suit.

To the left, and the left again. The blue-painted sign: Kingslake Studios. Up a staircase to the fourth floor . . .

The girl who opened the door was ravishingly pretty, disarmingly childlike. Yet childlike was not exactly the word for the look she gave Eleanor.

"Miss French?"

"Yes."

"I'm Eleanor Farrell. This is the right time, isn't it? The time that you said you'd be free?"

An imperceptible pause.

Valerie smiled. "Why, of course! Do forgive me. Come in."

The room was charming. It's a good room for Tom to come home to, thought Eleanor.

"Do sit down."

Eleanor sat down, took a cigarette, lit it.

"It's awfully good of you to have come." Valerie was smiling as she curled up on a pouffe by the fireplace. "When you must be so busy."

ELEANOR looked down. "Oh, not at all. It was—the least I could do."

"How is Tom?"

"Very fit. He looks terrifically well. He—he misses you terribly."

It hurt, but Eleanor said it.

A faint, quick flush came up under Valerie French's rose-petal skin. Yet something seemed out of key.

Someone was moving about in the next room, with a sense of urgency. Perhaps that was it.

She looked up, aware that Valerie French was watching her curiously.

"You know . . . you don't look a bit like an actress!"

There was something almost insulting in the easy, obvious words.

Eleanor looked down again.

"What does an actress look like?" she murmured.

"I agree. It's one of the sillier remarks," Valerie answered disarmingly. "But . . . different, I think, from you."

Valerie stood up. She stood for a moment, then she said suddenly: "I wonder if you'll forgive me. It was most awfully nice of you to come, and I'm terribly grateful, but it happens I am in a bit of a hurry."

Eleanor stood, too, baffled, angry. She moved to the mirror above the mantelpiece. And then it happened. In a split second, she saw the envelope, and, in the mirror, Valerie's eyes—darling, alert, afraid—seeing her see it.

The envelope stood propped up against a vase. Scrawled on it was one word: Tom.

For a moment the two women looked at each other, in the mirror. Then, as if she already knew what she would see, Eleanor's eyes moved to the waste-basket. On the floor, by its side, was a crumpled telegram.

"Tom's here," Eleanor said slowly.

"No, really! I——"

"Then Tom's coming!"

"Yes, he's coming, but——"

It took only a second for the look of quick anger and impatience to be wiped off Valerie's face; for another—a look of gentle appeal—to replace it.

"I didn't like to—to tell you. It was so kind of you to come here. I didn't want to let you know that—that—well, it was all wasted. That Tom had forestalled you."

"Tom's coming," said Eleanor quietly, "and you're going. That's the hurry. What Tom gets is—a letter."

Valerie moved forward and stood level with Eleanor at the mantelpiece. Her pretty, soft hand reached out to Eleanor helplessly. She looked up through her lashes.

"It's the kindest way — truly. Scenes do no one any good. Least of all people like Tom. It's the kindest—it's best for Tom—you must see that—for me not to be here. Not to make—well, a scene out of telling him."

It was beautifully played — the gentleness, the regret, and the sweetness. I, myself, Eleanor thought grimly, couldn't have played it any better.

"Look," Eleanor said, holding on to herself, "it's none of my business, but Tom's easy to hurt, and—if you have to—do what you say—stay and tell him. Please!"

For a moment Valerie watched Eleanor, still smiling while her birdbrain ticked over. Can I foil her? Is it worth it? Shall I bother? She decided to cut her losses. The sweet smile became an insult.

"It happens," she said, "that I don't share your—predilection for drama. It was kind of you—I don't doubt it—to come. But . . . I have to go now."

She flung open her bedroom door. Eleanor could see her swinging a coat over her shoulders, picking up the already packed suitcase.

The interview was over. Eleanor found herself running downstairs. She walked back to the station, and sat down on a seat on the platform.

Tom came at last. She watched him walking toward her, the whole length of the platform, threading his way through the crowds and the porters and the luggage, and she'd thought: I could marry him, and make him terribly happy.

It was true, but she realised: If I'd done what I planned to do—even though in the end it would have made no difference—I'd never have been able to face Tom. Never again.

Tom did not see her. He drew level. She said his name, softly.

A slow smile of amazement broke up the solemnity of his face.

"Why—Eleanor! How grand to see you! But don't we meet in the most unexpected places."

"I came to see Valerie. You asked me to."

He was still holding her hand, and still smiling, as he looked down at her. "You know, it's funny," he said, almost as if to himself, "so often, the way you remember people isn't the way they are. But you—you're just the way I remembered you!"

The tears pricked her eyes. Tom knew her, as she was. If any reward were needed, this was it.

"Tom," she started. She drew his arm through hers as they walked; she held his hand gently. "Tom, there's something I've got to tell you," she said.

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Lucky contracts for Michael Rennie

By cable from ANNE MATHESON in London

In three months actor Michael Rennie has signed two contracts.

The first made him the highest-paid film star in Britain, a sixty-thousand-a-year bachelor.

THEN the film idol, who is half torn to pieces every time he makes a public appearance, signed the second contract, which halved his income but made him the happiest man in Britain.

The second contract was signed at Caxton Hall, and in return for it Michael got the hand of Margaret McGrath, 27-year-old show girl.

For his bachelor freedom and half the newly acquired salary, which he settled on Margaret, Michael got a real old-fashioned wife.

I called on the Rennies at Michael's ex-bachelor flat, just off fashionable Belgrave Square.

There I found the glamor girl who had married one of the most eligible bachelors in the country taking a really good Yorkshire pudding out of the oven.

I found, too, domestic bliss such as one does not expect with all that money, glamor, talent, and romance floating about.

And when I heard of Mrs. Rennie's wifeliness, I had to agree with Michael that she is a treasure.

"Honestly," said the enthusiastic husband, sniffing at the Yorkshire pudding, "I wouldn't have believed it.

"The pud's so light we practically have to hold it down."

Then Michael showed me where some of the rents in his coats made by film fans had been nicely patched up. (It does not matter whether you are rich and a film star, you still do not get any more coupons to replace torn clothing.)

"That is another thing about Margaret.

"She is simply a wonder girl with a needle and cotton," he said.

"I didn't have a button on my shirts, nor a collar that was not frayed, till I married.

"Now look at me—not one missing."

It was getting harder and harder to realise that Margaret is the same girl who played at the famous Windmill Theatre throughout the blitz, who sparkled in Jack Buchanan's show, "Fine Feathers," and who made her name as one of London's leading show girls.

But she is one of the fortunate girls who can combine glamor with the talents of home making.

So happy is Mrs. Rennie with her household chores that she told me, "I have quite finished with the stage.

"The sort of marriage Michael and I want is a full-time job for me."

Margaret and Michael met at a party about eight months ago.

A few weeks ago Michael was in Switzerland, making his first picture under his new contract, when he found himself feeling incredibly lonely.

Not all the spending money he had now, nor the thrill of being free to roam the Continental playground between work, helped to fill the gap.

"I never realised you could miss a person so much," he confessed.

"It was a feeling I had never had before—like a piece missing out of a picture.

"It worried me so. I took the bold step."

Michael went to the nearest telephone and rang London.

Margaret answered.

But there was a terrible crackling noise on the line as well as a singing noise.

Michael shouted his proposal—would she marry him?

He had to wait till he got back to get the real answer, for the line got worse, and he could not be sure whether or not Margaret had said yes.

What did it matter if he lost his luggage on the way back; that it took him ten days to wangle leave; that he had to charter a special seat on a plane filled with special people?

When he got back the answer was "Yes."

And now Michael thinks he is the best-dressed, best-fed, best-paid film star, for those two contracts have enriched him indeed.

MICHAEL RENNIE (left), with lovely Phyllis Calvert and Australian John MacCallum, faces official photographers for a "still" during scenes from their Gainsborough film, "The Root of All Evil."

Covent Garden success stories

Continued from page 17

Coal miner had wife's help

"WHEN I was a kid they used to make me sing 'Two Little Girls in Blue,' but as I grew up I became shy and I didn't sing at all. I just hummed little snatches of popular tunes as I dusted the house. I didn't think of a career. I was quite happy working at the Post Office, and certainly didn't think of becoming a singer.

"Then when war broke out a friend of mine organised some of us into a small party to give concerts to the troops. During the blitz we went around singing in the shelters, and my friends persuaded me to have my voice trained.

"When I put the proposition to Dad he was delighted. He used to talk for hours about the nights he had waited at the Opera House to drive the various singers home. He knew far more about opera singers than we at home had ever imagined.

"He had a great spirit, my old Dad, and far more faith in me than I had in myself.

"He paid a guinea a lesson for me in the West End, insisted I have the best teacher in London.

"Dad didn't make much money driving a cab, but what he did all went on my singing lessons.

"'I never had a chance myself,' he used to say, 'but you are going to.'"

Vera Evans is a Londoner. Her father and mother were both Londoners. She has always loved the theatre, the music halls, and ever since she first started work she has been one of the gallery girls.

"I never thought I would one day be pushing open the stage door and meeting all the people I've seen come out all these years.

"If only my father could have lived to hear me sing at Covent Garden! It was his dearest wish."

WHEN Ieuan Evans, coal miner from the Rhondda Valley (no relation to Vera) came to London to sing at Covent Garden, it was the first time he had been to London.

Ieuan had always dreamed of the day he would go up to London. He wanted to see the West End, Big Ben, the Opera House. He promised his wife a trip when they were first married.

But it didn't happen.

"We won't squander money just gallivanting about," Mrs. Evans would say when Ieuan talked of taking her to town and to the opera.

"You might be singing yourself there one day; then I'll go and hear you."

Ieuan had no ambition to be an opera singer. A modest young Welsh miner—now 30 years old—he didn't think he could sing any better than the rest of the men in the pit.

"Everyone sings in the Rhondda," he said. "We have some fine voices down there."

Mrs. Evans had other ideas.

"And two years ago she just pushed me off to have singing lessons in Cardiff."

By careful housekeeping and doing without little luxuries, Mrs. Evans saw that Ieuan's singing lessons continued. She bought a piano, played his accompaniments.

Ieuan and Mrs. Evans worked together between shifts at the pit. Then Ieuan joined the local operatic society. He sang in "Pirates of Penzance," "The Gondoliers," and other Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

Taking the lead, he soon became well known in the valley, and offers came to him to sing in Cardiff.

"I was even offered jobs singing at night-clubs and pubs in London, but my wife wouldn't hear of it," he said.

"'It's something better for you, Ieuan, we want,' she would say."

Then the Covent Garden Opera Company held an audition in the Rhondda Valley.

Two hundred and sixty miners applied for a place in the permanent chorus that was being formed.

Ieuan was the one chosen.

So this week he came to London to sing in the chorus, to find himself digs, to continue his studies, and soon, he hopes, to make a home in London for Mrs. Evans and his five-year-old daughter Shiela.

"And I hope I never have to go down the mines again," Ieuan said.

Son of a Welsh coal miner, Ieuan started on a milk cart when he was 15 years old.

"There wasn't much work in the pits in those days," he said. "But we hung on for better times, and they came.

"I would have been quite content to work in the mines if it had not been for my wife. She has been magnificent, and even when I came up to start rehearsals she wouldn't come with me because she thought it too much expense."

Ieuan was a great toff when he left the Rhondda for London, he said. The miners gave him a send-off, his wife pressed and brushed his Sunday clothes. Ieuan looks well in them, too.

He is a slim, thin-faced, good-looking young Welshman with a very serious expression. He has little trace of a Welsh accent.

"I lost my accent once I started my singing lessons," he said.

"Voice training rounded off all my vowels and made my consonants clearer. I am rarely taken for Welsh up here, though my people have lived in the Valley for generations."

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Film Reviews

OUR FILM GRADINGS
★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★★★ THE STRANGER

ORSON WELLES does two excellent jobs in this splendid RKO drama. As director he produces and maintains throughout a feeling of suspense and fear, and as actor in the title role he is most impressive. It is the sort of exhibitionist role which suits Welles to perfection, and he gets perfect assistance from Loretta Young and Edward G. Robinson, his co-stars.

As a Nazi whom the Allies are seeking in America for war crimes, Welles adroitly removes traces of his origin, and becomes a professor in an American school. He marries an American girl. The chase to find him is led by Edward G. Robinson, and scenes between them are terrific. Miss Young has seldom been more effective than she is as the girl who finally finds the true background of her husband.—Plaza; showing.

★★ LITTLE GIANT

THIS cheerful experience gives Abbott and Costello a big lift up in comedy rating. Universal has given the boys a really funny story in which they both revel.

Lou Costello is a naive country lad who goes to the city on a job hunt and falls into the clutches of Bud Abbott, a far-too-smart-to-be-honest manager of a vacuum-cleaning company. Their subsequent adventures are hilarious.

Brenda Joyce and Jacqueline de Wit provide the necessary feminine glamor, and the film is a tonic full of genuine fun.—Capitol; showing.

★★ TARS AND SPARS

A LIKEABLE blond comedian named Sid Caesar is introduced to the screen in this routine little wartime musical from Columbia about life and love in the U.S. Coast-guard Service.

Singing tar Alfred Drake and dancer Marc Platt share the rest of the honors with vivacious little Janet Blair, who looks attractive in Navy uniform.—Victory; showing.

MARGARET LOCKWOOD, soon to begin her first technicolor film, carries her small daughter, Margaret Julia Leon, from the set of "Hungry Hill," the Two Cities film in which they both appear. Daphne Du Maurier wrote the story.

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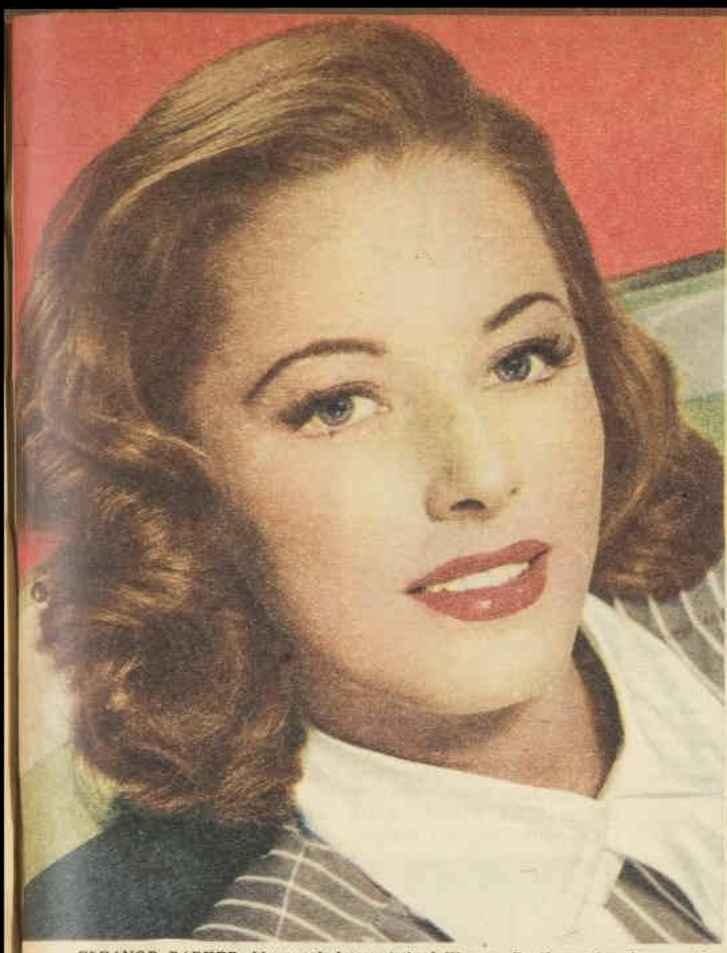
THREE FAVORITES . . .



ELEANOR PARKER, blue-eyed, brown-haired Warner Brothers star, has great chance to add new laurels to already fine reputation as an actress as the slatternly Mildred in the remake of Somerset Maugham's "Of Human Bondage."

JOAN FONTAINE and her husband, William Dozier, have become yet another husband-and-wife film-producing company, and except for one film a year made under contract with RKO all Joan's pictures in future will be made by the new organisation. Since her marriage Joan has worked in Paramount's "Emperor Waltz" with Bing Crosby. Some of her greatest parts were played under Alfred Hitchcock's direction, particularly in "Rebecca" and "Suspicion." She and her sister, Olivia de Havilland, would like to make a film together playing sister roles.

☆

ALAN LADD co-stars with Dorothy Lamour and Brian Donlevy in Paramount's "The Big Haircut." Off the set he devotes a good deal of time to improving his home in San Fernando Valley, where he has had an airfield built so that his friends can drop in easily for week-ends. Ladd starred in "Two Years Before the Mast" and in "And Now To-morrow," both pictures made during an interval in his Army service, when he was classified as medically unfit. He played in thirty-four pictures before achieving starring roles. The picture that raised him to this status was "This Gun For Hire," with Veronica Lake.

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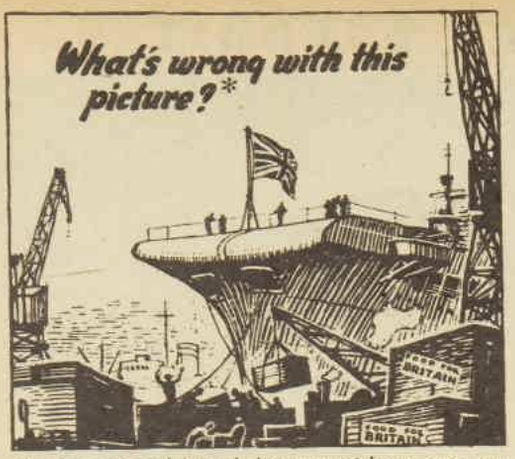

Here's a general knowledge test without even an animal, vegetable or mineral clue to guide you! Can you see where the mistake occurs in this picture? The answer appears below—but don't look now!

No doubt you have contributed generously to Food for Britain. No need to include Bayer's Aspirin Tablets in your parcels, for Bayer's Aspirin Tablets are available in England and as famous there as they are here. Throughout the world, Bayer's Aspirin Tablets are in constant demand because of the amazing speed with which they relieve headache, colds, 'flu and all nerve and muscular pains. Because of their special process of quality manufacture, Bayer's Aspirin Tablets dissolve 2 seconds after you swallow them.

* Answer: The Union Jack is flying upside down. Flown this way it is a signal of distress. On the half of the flag nearest the flag-pole, the broad white band of St. Andrew's Cross should be towards the top of the flag, not the narrow band as shown in the picture.

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1 STAGE-STRUCK Asa Yoelson (Scotty Beckett) shows boyhood friend Ann Murray (Ann Todd) poster of show. After chance to join company he changes name to Al Jolson.

2 SUCCESS comes to Al (Larry Parks) in black-face parts. Is seen by Hammerstein (Edwin Maxwell) and Dockstader (John Alexander) in show

"The Jolson Story"

WHEN he found he would be playing the part of Al Jolson in Columbia's technicolor film of the famous singer's life, Larry Parks decided to do everything he could to make his conception of Al true in every detail.

He followed the real Al Jolson about for months, learning his mannerisms — almost the way he thinks. Al himself did all he could to help Larry by giving private performances for the man who was to portray him on the screen.

3 CELEBRATING success with Julie Benson (Evelyn Keyes) and Steve Martin (W. Demarest), his friends.

4 MARRIAGE with Julie begins to fail because she insists he must retire from stage. She finally wins.

5 UNHAPPINESS follows. Al pines for the footlights. Julie invites Tom Baron (Bill Goodwin), Steve, Al's mother (Tamara Shayne) and father (Ludwig Donath) to stay at their lovely country home, hoping to please Al.

6 NIGHTCLUB visit sets Al singing again. Julie realises she has lost. They part. Al goes back to theatre again.

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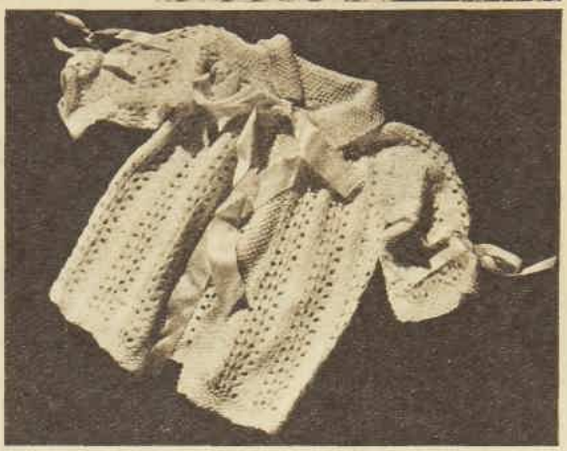

HERE YOU SEE how the dear little jacket will look when completed. Sweet, isn't it? If the garment is for a baby boy, thread with blue ribbon. If for a girl, thread with pink.

Knit it in softest wool

● Here's a pet of a matinee jacket to keep your cherub happy and warm during cooler days of summer. Why not make it?

THIS quick, easy-to-knit jacket would be an ideal and well appreciated gift for a new-born babe, or for any babe up to six or eight months.

The lacy pattern is so easy and the whole jacket takes only 3oz. of wool. Here are the directions:

Materials: 3oz. Patons baby wool (patonised shrink-resist finish); 1 pr. No. 10 knitting needles; 2yds. ribbon.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 11in.; width all round at underarm, 24in.; length of sleeve from underarm, 6½in.

Tension: 13 sts. to 2in. in width and 9 rows to 1in. in depth.

Abbreviations: K knit, p purl, sts. stitches, wl. fwd. wool forward, tog. together, rep. repeat, patt. pattern, beg. beginning, m st. moss stitch, in. inches, alt. alternately, cont. continue.

The Back: Cast on 77 sts. and work 8 rows in m st. (k 1 and p 1 alt. for every row). Change to patt. as follows: 1st row: K 2 tog. twice (wl. fwd. and k 1 alt.) 3 times, wl. fwd., * k 2 tog. 4 times, (wl. fwd. and k 1 alt.) 3 times, wl. fwd., rep. from * to end of row, finishing last rep. with wl. fwd., then k 2 tog. twice. 2nd row: P. 3rd row: K. 4th row: P. These 4 rows form patt. and are rep. throughout. Cont. until work measures 10in. from beg., finishing after a 3rd row of patt., then cast off.

Right Front: Cast on 41 sts. and work 8 rows in m st. Change to patt. as follows: 1st row: M st. 8. Rep. 1st row of patt. from beg. to end. 2nd row: P 33, m st. 8. 3rd row: M st. 8, k 33. 4th row: P 33, m st. 8. These 4 rows form patt. Cont. in patt. until work measures 10in. from beg., finishing after a 3rd row, then cast off.

The Left Front: Cast on 41 sts. and work 8 rows in m st. Change to patt. as follows: 1st row: Rep. 1st patt. row from beg. for 33 sts., then m st. 8. 2nd row: M st. 8, p 33. 3rd row: K 33, m st. 8. 4th row: M st. 8, p 33. Cont. in patt. and finish this front to match right front.

The Sleeves: Cast on 55 sts. and work 8 rows in m st. Change to patt. until work measures 6½in. from beg., finishing after a 3rd row. Next row: Cast off 19, p to end. Next row: Cast off 19, m st. to end. Now work 2in. in m st. on rem. 17 sts., then cast off in m st.

The Collar: Cast on 15 sts. and work 11in. in m st. Cast off.

To Make Up: With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Now divide top of back into three, marking positions with pins, then pin in m st. strip at top of sleeves to each end, easing in fullness, then sew neatly tog. on wrong side, leaving centre part free. Measure off 2in. from each front edge, then sew each last part to other side of m st. strip of each sleeve, easing it in if necessary. Sew sleeves down to side edges of fronts and back, then sew on collar, leaving m st. border of each front free. Press these seams on wrong side, then sew up side and sleeve seams and press them. Sew a length of ribbon to each side of front at top just under collar to tie at neck when worn, then cut rem. ribbon in two and thread a length through third row of holes from lower edge of sleeves to draw up and tie on top into a small bow.

EQUIPPING THE NURSERY

By SISTER MARY JACOB

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The cot or bassinette is a very important part of the nursery equipment, as is also the screen to protect baby from draughts.

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Be sure to ask for **Kintho**—*double strength*; it is this that is sold on money-back guarantee.

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PICTURED above is Mrs. W. E. Lenon, a reddish carmine hybrid tea-rose of particularly beautiful shape and formation.

LEFT: Amy Johnston (climbing or pillar rose), a lovely shade of pink. This was produced by Mr. Alister Clark, of Bulla, Victoria. Orange Triumph (polyanthus type) is shown at foot.

Just a little care
... and roses joyfully respond

● Now that the spring flush of roses is over the bushes and climbers will need some care . . . **SAYS OUR HOME GARDENER**

THE plants will soon be taking "forty winks" and if the weather is hot and dry may cease blooming until autumn.

Some roses, however, are almost perpetual bloomers through the early summer months, and do not cease until late January and February.

If they had no previous mulching, now is the time to do the job. Cultivate lightly all round and scatter some compost over the surface. Dry grass, hay, straw, very well decayed horse or cow manure, or peat mulch can be used.

The depth of the mulch cover depends upon the material used. Compost can be used two inches thick. Hay, straw, dead leaves can be about the same, but only about an inch of peat mulch should be used—and this must be applied damp and after watering the ground well.

Weeding is important in the rose bed and, unless a big area has to be covered, is best done by hand.

Aphis at this time of the year is usually scarce, but if causing damage to late buds should be controlled by spraying with nicotine sulphate and soapy water.

Sulphuring the foliage for mildew control is not absolutely necessary, as mildew spores do not thrive in hot weather, but if the season happens to be mild and humid it is better to be on the safe side.

Sulphur dusting also repels moths and butterflies to some extent, and it will be found that few caterpillars or grubs develop on the foliage after the dust-gun has been well used.

Thrips may be troublesome in late blooms, but a good dusting or spraying with one of the DDT preparations will be found very useful.

Go over the plants and remove all spent stems and any rose hips that may have formed. They are very exhausting to the bushes and must on no account be allowed to mature.

Take out any dead wood that may have escaped notice earlier in the season, and shorten back any long spent stems in order to encourage the development of more flowering wood.

Go over the climbing roses and tie up any straying arms that have grown with the new season's crop. They have a bad habit of snapping off or becoming entangled with your hair during windy days.

Wichuriana roses such as Dorothy Perkins and others may need some tying up to their supports now. The heavy crops of buds drag the slender trailing canes down badly during windy weather.

Go over all the climbing multiflora and other rambler roses, too, and see that they have all the support their millions of tiny blooms require.

Standard roses, too, will need your care now. Remove all spent stems and cut them back fairly hard if they have finished flowering. Many of the standards bloom well into December if given regular pruning—cutting to outside eyes or shoots.

And water all the roses during November and December. They are thirsty subjects although they forage well for themselves and go down deep in search of nourishment and moisture. So build up a reserve of moisture in the subsoil with the hose or can if nature is not prepared to do it.

It's a time for Celebration

when you find out what tests have proved

Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter

YOU'RE BOUND TO FIND new brightness in your teeth . . . new sparkle in your smile this easy way! Tests prove *in just one week* Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter. You see, Pepsodent — and only Pepsodent — contains Irium—the exclusive, patented cleansing ingredient. And Pepsodent with Irium removes the dingy film . . . floats it away quickly, easily, safely. In a moment your teeth feel cleaner . . . *in just one week they look far brighter!*

For the safety of your smile — use Pepsodent twice a day . . . see your dentist twice a year.

PAINS AFTER EATING?

Then Try This!

Take one teaspoonful of De Witt's Antacid Powder in a little water, then . . . relief! Mark how quickly pain and discomfort are eased. Usually one dose is sufficient to relieve after-meal pains, especially when they arise from conditions of excess stomach acidity *(hyperacidity)*. When food lies like lead on your stomach, let this grand remedy get to work for a while and then see how much easier you feel.

Yes, De Witt's Antacid Powder does relieve indigestion quickly, but it does more than that. Excessive stomach acidity—the cause of pain—is neutralised so that your food can be comfortably digested. Then, the irritated stomach is soothed and protected, and your next meal will not be an extra burden on an already upset digestive system. But to make certain, a timely dose of De Witt's Antacid Powder before you eat and all should be well.

Always have a canister of De Witt's Antacid Powder in the house, ready for use the moment it is needed. After all, if pain is avoidable the sensible thing is to avoid it. So let De Witt's Antacid Powder take the pain out of eating for you.

De Witt's ANTACID POWDER

Neutralises Acid
Soothes the Stomach
Relieves Pain

For Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, Gastritis and Dyspepsia. Obtainable from chemists everywhere, in large sky-blue canister, price 2/6 and 4/6.

Always look for the name

MORLEY

on Underwear!

STOP DISTURBED NIGHTS

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the daytime, many people have disturbed nights. Frequent or poor kidney action sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't neglect this condition and lose valuable, restful sleep.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may also cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches, and dizziness.

Don't delay. Ask your chemist or store for *Doan's Backache Kidney Pills*, a stimulant-diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. *Doan's* give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes eliminate poisonous waste from your blood.

Ask your Chemist or Store for

DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills

DP14

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National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4723407

BEAUTIFULLY MADE and well hung, the curtains give a soft, feminine touch to this attractive bedroom. Note way drapes are tied back.

SIMPLE curtain treatment of this massive, full-length window gives distinctive touch to room.

CURTAINS here fall gracefully. Pelmet and drapes are jade-green; window curtains are in softest net.

Lesson in . . .

CURTAIN MAKING

WELL-HUNG or draped curtains can widen, heighten, or lower the effect of windows, and this may be successfully done when several windows in a room are of different sizes.

By their color and choice of material, curtains can set the character of the room, that is, whether it is to be formal, informal, or a room for a man, woman, or child.

The fabric chosen can be either plain or patterned and from jute, cotton, or silk. But no matter what the material, the important thing is the MAKING of the curtains. The richest silk can look like a rag if care has not been taken with the measuring, cutting, draping, and sewing.

Curtains with not enough rings hang from a rod in a dejected manner, and immediately give the room an untidy appearance.

Curtains with the selvedge left on the sides to act as hems will soon billow and bulge, as there is not enough weight to keep them firm. By turning the selvedge back 1 to 1½ inches and hemming, edges will be given this necessary weight and firmness.

To hang well they should have a 2½-inch hem at the bottom and 3 to 4 inches for the heading at the top. Rings should be attached 2 inches apart at the minimum and sewn to the material in three places by bending the material around close to the ring. This will help keep the ring firm and the heading standing straight, without a wilted effect when the rings are drawn close together.

Curtains look better when they fall to within an inch or two of the floor, but there are times when this is not practical, as, for instance, when the window has a deep reveal or sill or some object beneath, such as a bookcase or radiator.

The measurements for all drapes are taken from the top of the wood trim or architrave of the window to the sill or just below it to cover the woodwork or right to the ground, whichever length is required (note diagram lower left). This measurement is called the "drop."

The amount of material needed can be calculated by multiplying the measurement of the drop by the number of curtains required and adding eight inches for each curtain (or width) to cover hems, headings, and turnings.

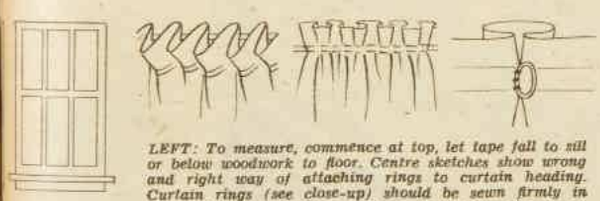
This is all that is necessary if a plain material is being used, but for a patterned fabric the repeat of the design must be taken into account. So that each motif in each curtain will be level, the number of inches in the repeat is counted and added to the measurement of the "drop"—one repeat to each curtain.

In this way, enough material will be bought to enable each curtain to commence with the BOTTOM of the REPEAT at the BOTTOM of the CURTAIN. The pattern is just left to work itself out at the top. Large repeats take up a lot of material, and if the fabric is expensive this can become a considerable item on the budget.

Each curtain should possess what is known as 100 per cent. fullness. In other words, each curtain measures the full width of the window, so that when the two curtains are drawn together they fall in soft folds and do not give a skimpy effect. It is better to have more than the required amount than too little. Never cut a 54-inch material in halves to make a pair of curtains. And if the fabric is only 30 inches wide, another width should be added to give good results.

Whether curtains are lined or not depends on the material, but all curtains benefit by being lined. The lining gives them more weight for falling well, protects their color from fading, the material from cracking, and gives the windows, from the outside, a neutral and uniform appearance.

—Nora S. McDougall.



LEFT: To measure, commence at top, let tape fall to sill or below woodwork to floor. Centre sketches show wrong and right way of attaching rings to curtain heading. Curtain rings (see close-up) should be sewn firmly in three places at heading and not more than 2in. apart.

HOUSEHOLD DRUGS and POISONS . . . By MEDICO

● A danger to children. Keep under lock and key—away from little fingers—or throw out!

"HOW can I store poisons in the house so that they will not be a danger to the children?" asked Mrs. Wellchamp. "I read about a child being poisoned with phenyl and I'd hate to think my children were running such risks."

"First of all," I asked, "why do you keep disinfectants in the house?"

"To tip down the drain and to soak infected washing," she replied.

"A well-constructed drain has no need of disinfection," I assured her. "In any case, a good scrubbing with hot soapy water will make the drain really clean, instead of just smelling clean. Every kitchen drain should have a grease-trap close to the sink. This is the best preventive of smells and blocked drains."

"What about caustic soda?" she asked.

"This is a dangerous poison and can be just as lethal as phenyl. It should not be stored or used in any home. Washing soda will do all that caustic soda can do and without the risk of poison."

"What about weed-killer?"

"They usually contain arsenic and are now out of date. New, selective weed-killers are much more efficient and not dangerous."

"Are Condy's crystals a danger?"

"They can be, and if used for staining floors are best replaced by oil stains."

"What about iodine for first-aid treatment of cuts?"

"Iodine can burn the sensitive-skinned people. It should be allowed to dry on the skin before it is covered. It should be bought only in very small quantities, because it tends to eat away the cork of the bottle and to become stronger than it is safe to use."

"What is a safe antiseptic to use on ordinary cuts?"

"I like soap and warm water, especially on grazes. Then cover with a dressing of squares of gauze or clean rag that has been baked in a slow oven for two hours and stored in a tin with a tight-fitting lid.

"Finally," I said, "throw out all half-used bottles of medicine and tablets that have been supplied on a prescription. The chances that they will be needed again are very remote. If you must store medicines or household remedies of any kind, have a locked cupboard placed in a good light and keep the key in a safe place."

Pamela Patience . . . I wish I could find Household goods like yours!

"Well there's no mystery about them," says Pamela Patience. "At home Mother always has HORROCKSES sheets and pillowcases and towels, and I naturally get HORROCKSES too. It may sound fussy but that insistence on HORROCKSES is terribly important. There is positively nothing to equal them for quality and real hard wear.

"Of course you can't get all the HORROCKSES you want just now, but gradually the supplies in the shops are increasing. Believe me, it's worth it every time to wait until you can find HORROCKSES—and then to buy HORROCKSES whenever you see it!"

Horrockses REGD

THE GREATEST NAME IN COTTON AND TEXTILE FABRICS

sheets pillowcases and towels

Hilmar

MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS A.1. LONGCLOTH

● Supplies will again become available when present restrictions are removed

EVAN WILLIAMS shampoo keeps the hair young.

Johnson's Baby Lotion ANTISEPTIC

"BEST FOR BABY—BEST FOR YOU"

Try Johnson's Baby Lotion—Give Baby all its wonderful benefits, and after you've treated baby to a smooth-over with Johnson's Baby Lotion, rub a little into your own hands—you'll see for yourself how really excellent it is.

1/7 PER BOTTLE EVERYWHERE

A PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON — WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF SURGICAL DRESSINGS

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Mexican Casserole

A MEATLESS PYRECIPE

As exciting as a samba . . . piquant and colourful as Mexico itself . . . this pyrextra special casserole will thrill everyone in your hacienda. Get out your Pyrex and try it. *What!* Still cooking the old fashioned way!! *Caramba!*

Get to know Agee Pyrex . . . discover how it preserves food values, enshrines delicious flavours, puts meals on a pinnacle! Cook in Pyrex for *goodness* sake. *Serve* in Pyrex and give your table beauty. It's the *modern* way!

HOW TO MAKE IT

Combine the oatmeal, one half teaspoon of the onion, and the curry powder. Spread this thinly in a shallow Pyrex dish. Heat the fat. Add the rest of the onion and the green pepper to it and cook till the onion is golden brown. Then add the tomatoes and simmer till the sauce is thickened. Season with salt and pepper. Pour this tomato sauce on to the oatmeal; top with cheese. Bake in a moderate oven (425 degrees F.) for about 15 minutes. Serves four to six.

2 CUPS COOKED OATMEAL

¼ TEASPOON CURRY POWDER

1 TABLESPOON FAT

3½ TABLESPOONS CHOPPED ONION

3½ TABLESPOONS CHOPPED GREEN PEPPER

2 CUPS COOKED TOMATOES

SALT AND PEPPER

½ CUP CUBED CHEESE

AGEE PYREX

Marketed by CROWN CRYSTAL GLASS PTY. LTD.

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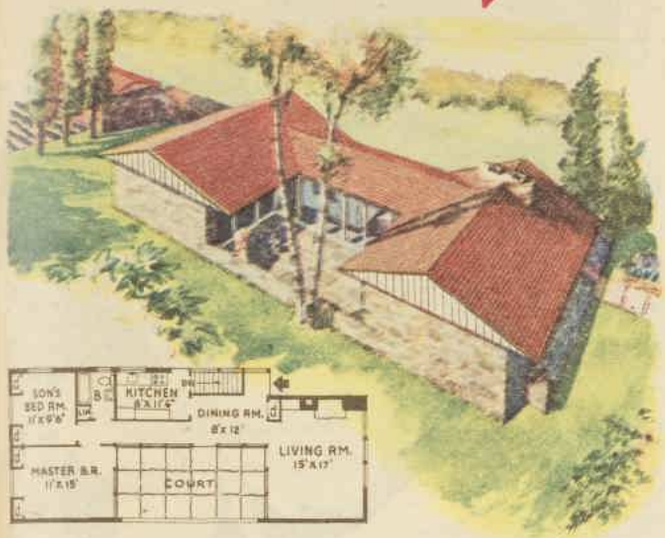
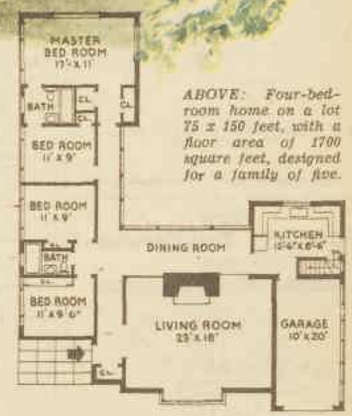
Prizewinning Designs from America

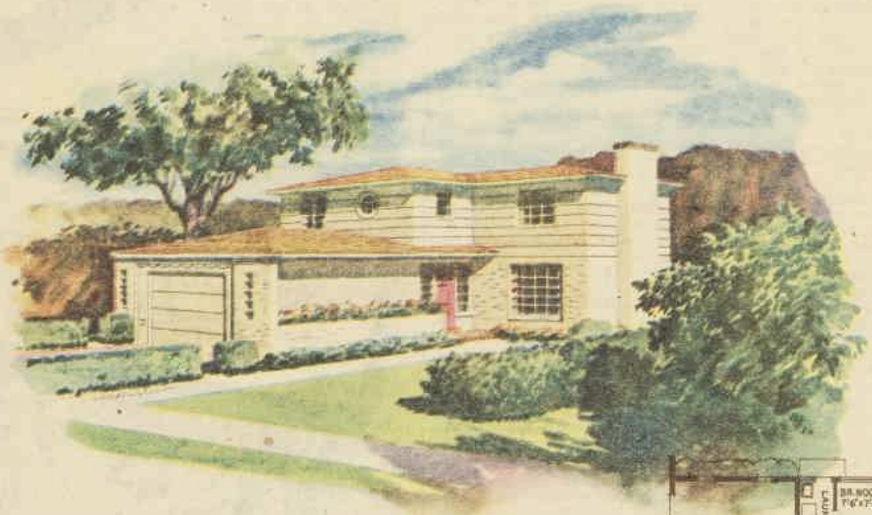
● Recently, a leading U.S.A. newspaper offered £5000 in prizes for practical, livable home designs. Here are five of the twenty-four winning designs embracing plans for homes of 1100 to 1700 sq. ft. floor area, and suitable for lots 30′ x 150′ to 75′ x 150′



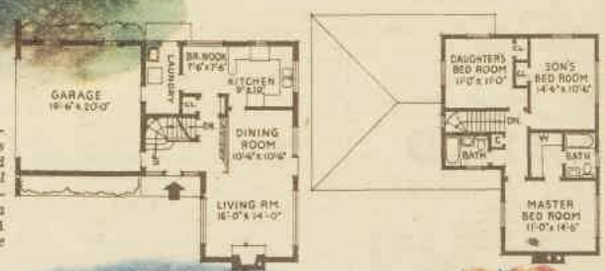
ABOVE: A dwelling suitable for a lot 30 x 150 feet and adequate for a family of three. Its floor area of 1040 square feet is arranged in an unusual way. The court serves as an outdoor play or living area. Living-room, master bedroom, and service unit all command a view of the court.



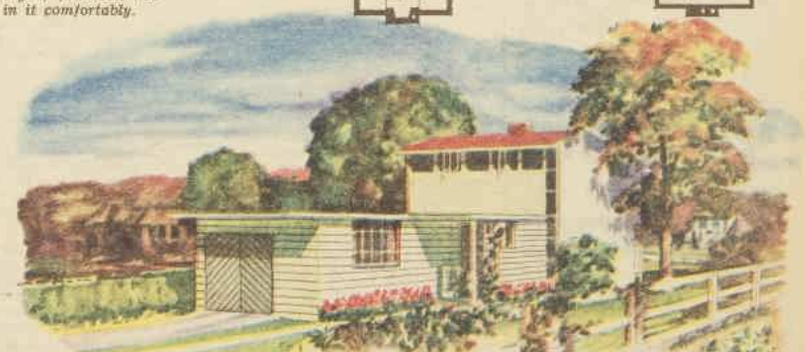
ABOVE: Four-bedroom home on a lot 75 x 150 feet, with a floor area of 1700 square feet, designed for a family of five.



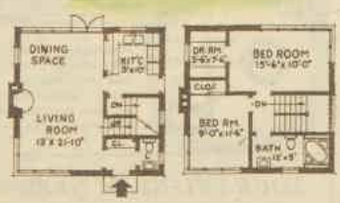
Further details of these prizewinning designs are given on page 46.



A TRADITIONAL design which utilises white-painted brick and timber and which will look well in any community. The floor area is 1400 square feet. A family of four can live in it comfortably.



AN ATTRACTIVE design which employs such features as corner windows and glass block and still keeps a traditional air. The house is suitable for a lot 30 x 150 feet, and is intended for a family of three. Floor area is 1100 sq. ft.



A TIMBER HOUSE of contemporary design that embodies many features not found in the average small house on a 30ft. lot. Note area for supervised play.

More of these £5000 prizewinning designs next week.

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"Sparva"
NO-SHRINK

THE "WASHWORD" OF FASHION

For knockout knockabouts, and gay play-togs, what can compare with British Sparva? . . . a fadeless, crease-resisting fabric with gorgeous permanent colours.

SUPPLIES AT PRESENT ARE VERY LIMITED

New Cream Deodorant *safely* Stops Perspiration

1 Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2 Prevents under-arm odor. Stops perspiration safely.
3 A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4 No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5 Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

Arrid is the largest selling deodorant. Try a jar to-day!

ARRID

2/- a jar
Also in 9½d. Jars
At all chemists & stores selling toilet goods
Distributors:
Fassett & Johnson Ltd., Sydney.

Crystal
SHIRTS & PYJAMAS

Be Young Again!

You can if you use

OATINE

CREAM for night use.

Oatine SNOW or POWDER BASE for day use.

FOR TEEN-AGERS: PIN-UP WINGS

● Lace makes a gay little butterfly to perch on your dress or lapel.

The wings are made from any tiny scraps of lace and as well you need some bias binding and two pieces of wire each 5in. long.

First cut four little wing shapes each approximately 2in. long and about 1¼in. across at their widest part.

Bind the edges all round with the binding to keep them stiff.

Cover each piece of wire by binding it over from one end to the other and fasten off.

Place the wires together and bind together for 1½in. for the body 1in. from one end. Sew wings to body and sew a tiny safety-pin to the back.

GIVE a fillip to a dark dress with a lacy butterfly which costs practically nothing, and can be made swiftly by nimble fingers. This scrap of charm would make a snappy little Christmas gift for someone.

Designs from America

Continued from page 45

IN this £5000 Home Designs Competition, sponsored by a leading American newspaper, entrants were asked for:

1.—Designs for homes of not more than 1100 square feet floor area, suitable for a lot 30 x 150 feet and adequate for a family of three.

2.—Designs for homes of not more than 1400 square feet floor area, suitable for a lot 50 x 150 feet and adequate for a family of four.

3.—Designs for homes of not more than 1700 square feet floor area, suitable for a lot 75 x 150 feet and adequate for a family of five.

Thousands of designs poured in on the panel of judges. Process of elimination was a marathon task, even after the freakish and merely startling had been ruled out. In the end, 24 comfortable, livable, and economically sound house designs were selected, and because they are so readily adaptable to local conditions The Australian Women's Weekly secured the rights to publish the series as a source of inspiration and help to home lovers and home builders everywhere.

Notes follow on the five houses illustrated on page 45.

House shown top left: This was offered as a solution to the competition's problem No. 1, which called for a design for a dwelling of not more than 1100 square feet floor area which could be built on a lot 30 by 150 feet and would accommodate a family consisting of parents and one child.

The house's two elements are connected by a service unit containing kitchen, dining space, and stairway to basement heater room. The pleasant court which this arrangement creates not only increases the dwelling's light and air, but also serves as an outdoor play or living area. Living-room, master bedroom, and service unit all command a view of the court. A child playing there can be constantly under a parental eye.

Typical of the pleasing and useful details for which the judges constantly looked is the large window with sliding glass on the court side of the kitchen. The designer suggests that it might be used with advantage when meals are to be served outdoors.

House shown top right: The competition's problem No. 3, of which this was one of the winning solutions, allowed the designer a maximum floor area of 1700 square feet and a building site 75 by 150 feet, but required that he make provision for a family consisting of parents, two daughters, 16 and 6, a son 12.

This four-bedroom house of contemporary design follows closely the pattern of the American ranchhouse (farmhouse in Australia), and at the same time embodies such unusual present-day features as a strip of windows above eye-level all across the north wall of the living-room. The main feature of this room is the large picture-window, which also looks north. The dining-room is designed as a long room with large windows overlooking the garden, which should make it an attractive place at all times of the year.

Bedroom wing has direct access to dining-room and front hall without going through living-room.

House shown centre: This is a winning solution of the competition's problem No. 2, which set the lot size as 50 by 150 feet and the maximum floor area as 1400 square feet and called for a dwelling which could comfortably house a family consisting of parents and two children, a son, 12, and a daughter, 8.

This is a traditional design which will look well in any community and is a splendid solution to the problem of the medium-sized three-bedroom house. A good feature of the design is the provision of adequate breakfasting space in the kitchen. Another is the upstairs arrangement, which allows space for double wardrobes in the passage between the master bedroom and the private bath.

House shown lower left: This is a solution of problem No. 1. The design is a traditional one that has introduced such modern features as corner windows and the use of glass block at the stair landing and on either side of the entrance door.

Note the ample living-room space which the designer has worked into his compact arrangement; also the large windows and french doors in the living-room which open on to the garden in the rear.

A downstairs lavatory and a coat closet are conveniently located near the front door. The kitchen has a dual purpose cabinet opening from the dining end of the living room as well as from the kitchen. This cabinet is so arranged that the counter-top can be used as a dining-table for pick-up meals. When closed it forms a panelled end to the room.

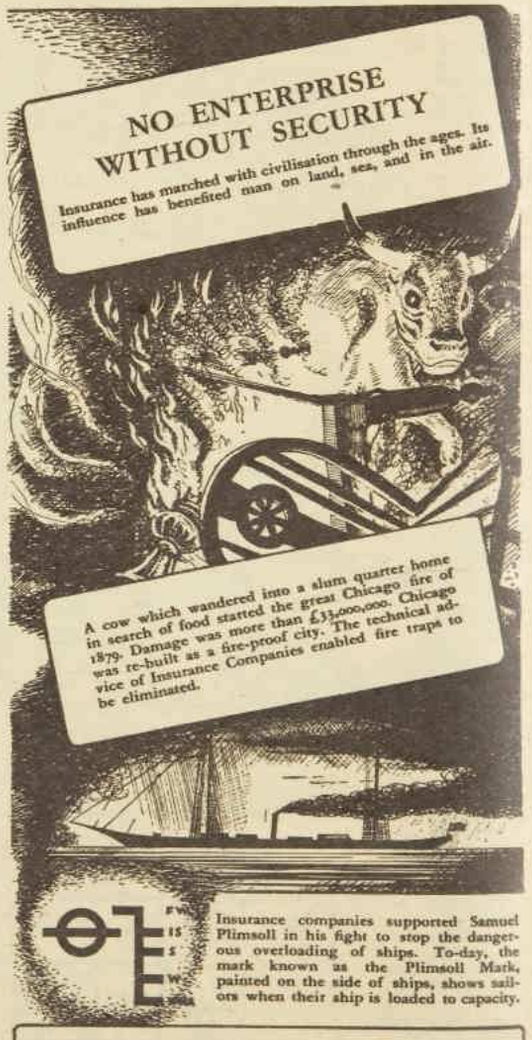
The master bedroom on the upper floor contains an ample dressing-room with two wardrobes and a space for a dressing-table.

House shown lower right: This solution of problem No. 1 is a timber house that incorporates many features not found in the conventional five-room house. While the design is striking, it is in good taste and appropriate to any neighborhood of moderate-priced homes.

The garage is designed for a man who has a hobby and wants a workshop at home. It also has adequate storage space for garden tools, etc. The garage is directly accessible from the front part of the house.

The kitchen is designed with a large bank of windows facing the east, where there is a small court ideal for supervised play. This is one of the few small houses planned with a service pantry leading to the dinette. The dinette is planned in such a way that the table can easily be extended into the living-room. A lavatory and coat closet are accessible from the front hall.

An unusual feature is the long strip window beside the stairs. It furnishes additional light to the living-room; design takes advantage of stair well to create a two-story effect from living-room. Long draperies from the stair landing to the second-floor ceiling are suggested.



YOUR FRIEND IN NEED—INSURANCE

C.F.2.

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Comes the time for Dainty Dishes ...

Cool and pleasing Family's wishes

MOCK CREAM FOR DESSERTS

Warm ½ pint fresh milk slightly, add 2 level tablespoons powdered milk, 2 level dessertspoons sugar. Beat well. Dissolve 2 level teaspoons Davis Gelatine in 2 tablespoons hot water, add to milk, continue beating. Add vanilla to taste. Set in a cool place.

APRICOT CHOCOLATE PIE

Add 3 level teaspoons Davis Gelatine to 3 tablespoons hot water, stir until completely dissolved. Add gradually to ½ pint cold cocoa (made with milk), add sugar to taste and few drops of vanilla. Leave to thicken slightly, then place in a cold baked pie shell. When firm cover with the following mixture: Dissolve 2 level teaspoons Davis Gelatine in 2 tablespoons hot water. Stir until dissolved, add ½ pint syrup from stewed apricots, ½ teaspoon lemon juice, sugar to taste. Leave to thicken. Arrange apricot halves on top of the chocolate layer. Cover with the syrup. Decorate with mock cream.

FRUIT SALAD PIE

3 level teaspoons Davis Gelatine, 3 tablespoons hot water, ½ pint cold water, 3 level tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, piece of lemon rind, 2 tablespoons orange juice, 1 passionfruit, pieces of cooked pineapple, banana, peach or other fruits available, baked pie shell.

Add gelatine to hot water, stir until completely dissolved. Place cold water, sugar, lemon juice and rind on fire, bring to boiling point, remove, add dissolved gelatine and cold water to make up to ½ pint. Add orange juice, passionfruit, mix well. Strain. Leave to thicken slightly. Prepare fruit and arrange attractively in the pie shell, cover with the thickening gelatine mixture. Leave to set. Serve with ice cream or custard.

GOOSEBERRY SOUFFLE

4 level teaspoons Davis Gelatine, 3 tablespoons hot water, ½ pint stewed gooseberries (pulp and juice), 3 level tablespoons sugar or more, 3 egg yolks, 4 egg whites, ½ pint cream or rich milk.

Add gelatine to hot water, stir until completely dissolved. Strain juice from gooseberries, place aside. Rub fruit through a coarse sieve. Beat egg yolks and sugar together, add to fruit juice, warm over fire until thickening slightly, remove. Add prepared fruit, dissolved gelatine, cool on ice, beating in milk or cream gradually. Beat until the mixture thickens, then fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Place in a plain mould.

. . . The variety Davis Gelatine cookery introduces is endless . . . the dish for the time and the mood. Substance if you wish—a gelatine pie—or gossamer fairy food—a souffle—each to make a good meal better.

HERE AGAIN—RECIPE BOOK FREE

The famous collection of Davis Gelatine recipes, "Davis Dainty Dishes," is available now. Send your name and address and 2½d. stamp for postage. One of our special folders, "Meals For Little Folk," "Invalids and Convalescents," or gelatine recipes for the diabetic diet may also interest you—mention it when writing for "Davis Dainty Dishes."

DEPARTMENT W, DAVIS GELATINE

Sydney, G.P.O. Box 3583. Melbourne, G.P.O. Box 4058. Brisbane, G.P.O. Box 758K. Adelaide, G.P.O. Box 712F. Perth, G.P.O. Box 588.

DAVIS

Sparkling Granulated

Gelatine

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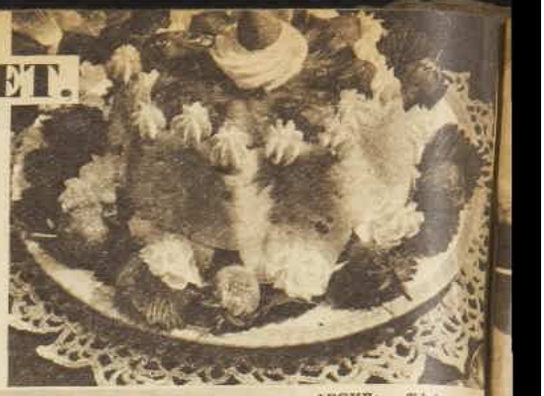
SAVORY, SWEET, AND COOL

● When the thermometer soars your thoughts turn naturally to invitingly cool dishes for luncheon and dinner . . . These are planned to lighten your problems and brighten menus.

By The Australian Women's Weekly Food and Cookery Experts



ABOVE: This delicious moulded sweet, richly flavored with strawberries and gay in color, will prove a great success for hot summer days. See strawberry chiffon jelly recipe.

TRY this special savory dish shown left. Prawns or any other fish may be used. See recipe below.

ACCENT is definitely on salads, so here's a chance to vary the old simple salad and go in for something really festive.

Make your salads moulded, frozen, sweet, and fancy!

Make them gay with color, unusual and exciting with garnishes. Make the most of fruit and vegetables, which combined are so pleasing not only to the eye but also to the palate.

Here, also, is something different in the sweet line. A cold pastry-case filled with a luscious banana chiffon and decorated with chopped jelly and banana slices is just the thing to grace any party table.

SRINGTIME GARDEN SALAD

Two level tablespoons gelatine, 1 cup hot water, 1½ cups cold water, 4 tablespoons lemon juice, ½ cup vinegar, ¼ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon meat extract, ½lb. cooked corned beef, lettuce, hard-boiled eggs, medium-sized tomatoes, cream cheese, celery curls, blocks of cheese, parsley, red pepper.

Dissolve gelatine in boiling water, add cold water, lemon juice, vinegar, sugar, and salt. Set one-eighth inch jelly in wetted mould. When set, arrange pattern with hard-boiled eggs and strips of red pepper and parsley stalks. Pour over little more jelly to set pattern firmly. To remainder of jelly add meat extract dissolved in little hot water. When beginning to thicken slightly, fold in corned beef which has been neatly diced. Pour gently into mould and place aside to set. If using a refrigerator use 1½ level tablespoons of gelatine. When set, arrange mould in bed of shredded lettuce. Cut hard-boiled eggs in halves, cut small piece of tomato, hollow out a little of the pulp and place on top of eggs to resemble a hat. Place on top of each tomato "hat" 4 or 5 small balls of cream cheese. Arrange attractively round mould the celery curls, blocks of cheese, and parsley.

FROSTED BANANA PIE

Shortcrust pastry-case (baked), 1½ teaspoons gelatine, 2 tablespoons cold water, 1 cup bananas (mashed), 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ½ teaspoon grated orange rind, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, ¾ cup sugar, 2 eggs, salt.

Soften gelatine in water. Mix mashed bananas with lemon juice, add orange and lemon rind, egg-yolks, salt and sugar (keeping back 2 tablespoons of sugar). Cook over heat till gelatine is dissolved. Cool. When beginning to thicken fold in whites of eggs, which have been stiffly beaten with 2 tablespoons sugar. Pour into pie-shell. Chill. Serve decorated with chopped green jelly and banana slices.

CREAM CHEESE SAVORIES

Cream cheese, milk, salt and pepper to taste, gherkins, parboiled red pepper, parsley, celery, rounds of fried bread.

Mix cream cheese with little milk to make spreading consistency. Add salt and pepper. Divide into two. To one half add finely chopped parsley and celery. Place little of mixture on to rounds of fried bread. Decorate top of each with ring of gherkin with piece of red pepper in centre. Color other half of cream cheese salmon-pink, place on fried bread, and decorate with strips of red pepper. Serve alternately on dish garnished with sprigs of parsley.

STRAWBERRY CHIFFON JELLY

Two dozen strawberries, ½ packet lemon jelly crystals, 1 packet red jelly crystals, 1 egg-white, mock cream and strawberry leaves to decorate.

Dissolve lemon jelly in ½-pint boiling water. Place sufficient jelly in bottom of wetted mould to cover surface. When almost set arrange pattern of strawberries. Cover with little more lemon jelly to firm strawberries. When quite set add remaining jelly. Set. Dissolve red jelly in 1 pint boiling water. When mixture shows signs of thickening fold in stiffly beaten egg-white and whisk all well together. Fold in chopped strawberries. Pour on top of lemon jelly. Chill in refrigerator. When set turn out. Decorate with roses of mock cream, whole strawberries. Garnish with strawberry leaves.

SHRIMP TUBS

(Prelude to ice-cool luncheon salad)

One and a half pounds potatoes, salt and pepper, 1 egg, little milk, egg glazing, breadcrumbs, ½-pint thick white sauce, ½ cup shrimps or prawns, vinegar, salt and pepper.

Cook, sieve, and mash potatoes, add beaten egg and milk. Season to taste. Roll potato into tub shapes. Cover with glazing and breadcrumbs. Flatten slightly at one end. Place on greased dish. Bake in oven (375deg. F.) from 10 to 15 minutes. Add shelled shrimps, little vinegar, salt, and pepper to sauce. Fill cooked potato tubs. Garnish with few whole shrimps.

MINTED FRUIT FREEZE

One cup sugar, 2½ cups water, 1 tablespoon honey, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 1 cup lemon juice, 1 cup orange juice, 2 tablespoons grated orange rind, 1 cup mint leaves.

Dissolve sugar in water, add honey and golden syrup. Boil 10 minutes. Pour hot syrup over fruit juices and rind and well-washed mint leaves. Cover. Stand 1 hour. To serve add one-third cup mixture to each glass, fill up with sparkling iced water. Garnish each glass with lemon slices and small sprig of mint.

ICED COFFEE

Six good dessertspoons of coffee, 3 cups boiling water, 3 cups milk, pinch of salt, pinch mustard.

Pour boiling water over coffee grounds, salt, and mustard. Allow to infuse 5 minutes. Heat milk. Add strained coffee. Chill. Serve in glasses with cracked ice and top with vanilla ice-cream. Makes six glasses.

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COOL OFF with a springtime garden salad, a frosted banana pie, and a deliciously cool minted fruit freeze. Recipes for this tempting summertime meal are given on the opposite page.

Prize recipes from readers

IF you're looking for another good budget dish and coupon-saver you'll find the rabbit roll just the thing. Richly flavored with herbs it's just as tasty served hot as a main dinner dish or cold with salad for luncheon. Why not send us your family favorite?

RABBIT ROLL

One rabbit, 2 bacon rashers, 1 onion, 1 cup white breadcrumbs, ½ teaspoon mixed herbs, salt and pepper, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, 2 hard-boiled eggs, brown breadcrumbs.

Remove flesh from rabbit and put through mincer with bacon and onion. Place in basin, add breadcrumbs, herbs, salt and pepper, lemon rind. Bind with beaten egg. Form into roll, using a little flour if necessary. Mould sliced hard-boiled eggs round outside. Wrap in greased paper and then in cloth, tying securely. Place in boiling water and simmer from 2½ to 3 hours. When cooked, remove cloth and paper and roll in browned breadcrumbs. Serve hot with new potatoes or cold with salad vegetables.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. Valerie Murray, Roadside Mail Box 7, Burrell Creek, via Wingham, N.S.W.

HONEY CREAM

One tablespoon honey, 1 small dessertspoon cornflour, 1 good teaspoon butter or margarine, 1 cup milk, vanilla.

Cream honey, cornflour and butter together. Bring milk to boil, stir gradually into cream. Replace in saucepan and cook till mixture thickens. As mixture cools whisk with egg-beater and add vanilla essence. This sauce is delicious served with stewed fruit or is an excellent substitute for cream filling for cakes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss L. Gregory, c/o South Carlton Post Office, Melbourne, Vic.

SAVORY FLAPJACKS

Two cups self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 dessertspoon melted butter, 1 tablespoon anchovy paste, pinch salt and pepper, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, grated cheese.

SAVORY flapjacks pictured above are really delicious. See prize recipe on this page.

Sift flour and salt. Rub in butter, mix to soft dough with beaten egg and milk. Roll out thinly, divide into two. Mash hard-boiled eggs, add anchovy paste, melted shortening, pepper, salt, and lemon juice. Spread on half of dough. Place remainder of dough on top. Cut with cutter or knife and place on greased scone slide. Glaze with milk. Sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake in hot oven (475deg. F.) 10 to 15 minutes. Serve garnished with parsley.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. E. McQueen, 104 Harp Rd., East Kew, Vic.

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INGREDIENTS: *2 Cups Krusto, ½-Cup Water, 4 Tablespoons Jam.* **METHOD:** Mix Krusto to stiff dough with water. Turn on to floured board. Knead lightly and roll out to required size. Line pie-plate with paste. Cut to shape and crimp edge. Spread generously with jam and decorate with curls or leaves of paste. Bake in a hot oven (450 degrees approx.) for 15 to 20 minutes.

FOR PASTRY THAT LOOKS AS IF IT COULD FLY OUT OF YOUR OVEN KRUSTO

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F4458. — Extravagant-looking suit with a militant air that will march with you right through summer. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds., 36in. wide, and 5yds. braid. Pattern, 1/8.

F4459.—Cool, informal dinner frock. Note the new hipline and the way the cape sleeves are gathered. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds., 36in. wide, and 1yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/8.

F4460.—Super little frock. Note skirt treatment. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. wide, and ½yd., 36in. wide contrast. Pattern, 1/8.

F4461.—Hankering after a serviceable slack-suit? Well, make the one illustrated here—it is ideal for summer holiday wear. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds., 36in. wide, and 1yd. contrasting braid. Pattern, 1/10.

F4462.—Such clever little details make this lovely frock. The skirt is caught with such cheeky little bows. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

TO ORDER: Fashion Patterns can be had from our Pattern Dept. If ordering by mail write to address given on page 33.

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